The Outlook

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The New York City Campaign: The Final Appeals

Brooklyn has continued to be the storm center of the New York campaign, and the continued strength of its protest against Tammany rule has been the exhilarating feature of the situation. The taxpayers of Manhattan, it may be recalled, suffered a slight financial loss when the poorer borough of homes was annexed to the richer borough containing the business centers—the enormous property values in these centers becoming taxable for the public purposes of the entire metropolis. This petty financial loss to the taxpayers of Manhattan has been more than offset by the political gain of having the workers of Manhattan with homes in Brooklyn take part in the struggles for the control of the hundred millions of taxes chiefly collected in the larger borough. Two years ago Brooklyn gave nearly all of the thirty-odd thousand plurality for Mr. Low, and this year it is again the stronghold of the Fusion movement. At the beginning of last week Mr. McLaughlin, the old Democratic leader, was able to prevent the immediate ratification of the Grout and Fornes part of the Tammany ticket at the meeting of the Democratic County Committee, and while the compromise committee to which he succeeded in having the matter referred finally indorsed the whole ticket, this halting action gave little real support to the Tammany forces. Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Shepard have combined to stand out against the assimilation of the Brooklyn Democratic organization by Tammany Hall. In the oratorical campaign last week, which was full of sound and fury, the most important incidents were Mr. McClellan's speeches—one of them in German—declaring personal liberty to be the paramount issue of the campaign, and Mr. Bourke Cockran's desperate charge that Mr. Low's administration was the worst since the days of Tweed. These incidents are treated at length in another column. On the Fusion side perhaps the most important meeting was that held by the new Independent Democracy, at which Mr. Jerome, in a great audience fired with his enthusiasm, pointed out the injury which Democracy suffered throughout the Nation by reason of the misrule of Tammany Hall in New York. At the same meeting Mayor Low laid his finger upon one of the chief sources of Tammany corruption by arraigning the corporations which have contributed to Tammany's treasury in order to secure unequal privileges. The apathy of stockholders respecting the corrupt methods of corporations from which they get their dividends he justly pronounced one of the great perils of the times. At the beginning of this week two newspapers—the New York "Herald" and the Brooklyn "Eagle"—attempted to forecast the result of the election by publishing the returns received from a postal card vote conducted by them among voters selected at random—but though they co-operated in this canvass and had precisely the same figures before them, the "Herald" predicted a majority of over thirty thousand for Mr. Low, and the "Eagle" a majority of over thirty thousand for Mr. McClellan.

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The New York City Campaign: The Excise Question

In a speech in Brooklyn last week Mayor Low went to the root of the excise question in these two sentences:

> In view of the many differences of opinion on this subject, the Mayor ought to keep himself entirely uncommitted, and he also ought to keep an open mind, but it does

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seem to me that the ultimate solution of this perplexing Sunday problem ought to be determined by the principle of home rule. I do think the question ought to be submitted to the voters, the majority of them to rule.

As our readers know, The Outlook has maintained this position for several years. We are glad to hear it so tersely and vigorously announced by so influential a leader as Mayor Low. All that he asks—all that we ask—is that the State should extend to the cities the same principle which is now adopted regarding the people of the rural districts. Under the present law, in the rural districts the people may vote to allow selling on Sunday and on the week day, to allow it on a week day but not on Sunday, or not to allow it at all, week day or Sunday. If they vote for a hotel license, they vote to allow the sale of liquor on Sunday; if they vote to allow only saloon licenses, they vote to allow the sale of liquor on week days, but not on Sunday. If they vote for neither hotel nor saloon license, they vote to allow no sale. The people of the incorporated cities ought to have the same right that the people of the rural communities possess in this respect. If the Legislature would give this right to the people of the cities, the excise problem would be solved. There is no reason why the people in the city of New York, in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, or any other city, should not have the same right to determine whether liquor may be sold at all, and, if sold at all, when it may be sold, that is now exercised by the people of the rural districts. If there is any reason, we should like to have some correspondent tell our readers what it is. The application of this in detail to the cities would require some care; but the essential principle of home rule in application to the excise question is really simple, and is already recognized as just in application to rural populations.

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The Lake Mohonk Indian Conference

The twenty-first annual Lake Mohonk Conference of friends of the Indian was presided over by ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts. It treated broadly questions of deep public interest concerning the needs and rights of dependent peoples under the guardianship of the United States, and listened to inspiring accounts of mission work among the suffering Indians of Alaska from Dr. Sheldon Jackson, to addresses concerning educational matters in Hawaii and Indian Territory from Dr. Lucien Warner, Mr. Benjamin S. Coppee, Mr. Pierce, of Haskell Institute, and others. Its conclusions were embodied by the unanimous adoption of the following platform:

The Indian problem is approaching its solution, leaving us confronting the larger problem of our duties toward the people who have recently become subject to our Government and dependent on our care. In dealing with the Indians, the objects to be accomplished are no longer questioned; they are, the abandonment of the reservation system; the discontinuance of Indian agencies; such education of all Indian children as will fit them for self-support and self-government; access to the courts for the protection of their rights; amenability to the law in punishment for their crimes; the same liberty that white men enjoy to own, buy, sell, travel, pay taxes, and enjoy in good government the benefits enjoyed by other taxed citizens; and by these means a speedy incorporation of all Indians, with all the rights of citizenship, into the American Commonwealth.

The best methods to secure these results are not wholly clear, but the experience of the past points to the following conclusions: The agency should be discontinued in all cases where the land is ready for settlement, and the Indians, when necessary, should be temporarily placed under the care of a bonded Superintendent with limited powers, and the policy of the Indian Bureau in this direction is strongly commended. Whenever practicable, the education of Indian children should be provided for in the schools of the States or Territories, if necessary for untaxed Indians at Federal expense or out of Indian funds; wherever this is not practicable, provision should be made by the Federal Government in Indian schools. The Indian should be encouraged in arts, both in the preservation of their own and in the acquisition of ours; the end should always be their industrial and moral development.

The work of the Government, whether National, State, or Territorial, in providing secular education does not lessen the responsibility of the churches for the religious education of the Indians; we regard with interest and hope the recent action of the Secretary of the Interior opening the way for the religious work of the churches in connection with Government schools, and we urge the churches to co-operate with

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each other and with the Government in this work. The same principle should govern us in all our dealings with other dependent people; their civil rights should be scrupulously safeguarded; liberal provision should be made by Congress for their development and civilization; their industries should be encouraged; and their education should be so provided for that, whatever may be their final political relations to the United States, they may be equipped, at the earliest possible day, for self-support and self-government.

Additional resolutions presented by Dr. Abbott in connection with the platform reaffirmed the action of last year in urging the allotment of land in severalty to the New York Indians, commended the President, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Attorney-General for instituting impartial investigation of charges against certain United States officials in the Indian Territory, and urged that laws be enacted conferring jurisdiction on United States courts in the Indian Territory to settle Indian estates and to provide for the appointment of administrators and guardians.

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Education of Dependent Peoples

The earnest consideration of the Conference was given to the fact that there are in Indian Territory nearly two hundred thousand white children of school age who are utterly unprovided with school privileges. Dr. Abbott, in presenting a resolution referred for discussion to a future conference, outlined the dangers involved in allowing these children to grow up, a menace to our free institutions, and insisted that it is the duty of the Federal Government to establish a free educational system in every unorganized Territory or State not yet able to educate all the children within its borders, or whose laws do not enable it to support schools. The white children in Indian Territory are temporarily in a condition of complete dependence, as under the laws of the Five Nations taxation for the education of white children is impossible. The discussion of religious education in the Indian schools was based on a recent governmental decision that any denominational missionary may give direct religious teaching in any Government school to the extent of three hours a week. Archbishop Ryan, Dr. Foster, and other speakers united in urging the churches to utilize this opportunity for training Indian children, to whom the Government boarding-school takes the place of home, in definite precepts of religion and morality. Miss Alice Fletcher deplored the effect of the agency system, which deprives the protected Indian of experience necessary for his growth. Her paper deepened the general conviction that the abolition of the reservations must be pressed, the Indians being placed under charge of bonded superintendents. The Mohonk Conference has now completed twenty-one years of service to the Indian cause. It is believed that every act passed by Congress in behalf of the Indian has been originated at this influential gathering.

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An Anarchist Immigrant Arrested

An English Anarchist named John Turner was last week arrested in New York City while addressing an audience of sympathizers. The warrant for his arrest was sworn out by Federal officers connected with the Department of Commerce and Labor and the Bureau of Immigration, and the arrest was made by Federal Secret Service detectives accompanied by members of the New York police force. When the Anarchist speaker was put under arrest, his audience was inclined to rescue him by force, and a riot was threatened, but Emma Goldman, the Anarchist leader, sprang to the platform and succeeded in controlling her followers. Turner was taken from the hall followed only by the cheers of his audience and promises of support. The subject of his address at the interrupted meeting was announced in the papers to be the "Trades-Unionism of the General Strike"—whatever that may mean—and while his impassioned denunciations of capitalism and the government kept his audience in an uproar, he does not appear to have been arrested for incendiary utterances at this meeting, but because of evidence previously gathered that he was an Anarchist of the kind whose admission to this country was forbidden in the amended immigration act passed at the last session of Congress. This act, it will be recalled, added to the excluded classes

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epileptics and persons who have been insane within a specified period (usually five years), and Anarchists or persons who believe in the overthrow by force or violence of all government or the assassination of public officials. This definition, it will be observed, does not exclude philosophical Anarchists of the type of Count Tolstoy, who believe in the overthrow by reason of government by force. Unless Mr. Turner advocates the resort to force by the minority to overthrow government by the majority, his fanaticism is not prescribed by the new law. It cannot too often be said that all error is dangerless so long as truth is left free to combat it; but also that inciting men to murder as a means of destroying government is not error but crime.

❀

The Prison Congress The annual Prison Congress, recently held in Louisville, Kentucky, was more uniformly excellent than any prison meeting in the last twenty years. One of the papers was on "Insanity in Penal Institutions and its Relation to Principles of Penology," by Dr. H. E. Allison, of New York. The discussion showed how absolutely necessary it is, for good discipline, to rid prisons of the disturbing element of insanity. Some of the wardens went so far as to suggest that there would be no difficulty in managing a prison if such prisoners were taken out and kept in institutions by themselves. As yet but few States have tried to do this. Iowa affords a successful example. Her insane criminals are in a hospital by themselves, outside the prison walls, but under the charge of the prison warden. In another State, which should be nameless, the insane are sent to prison rather than to an asylum because it is one hundred and fifty dollars a year cheaper to keep them there. The opinion was unanimous that the criminal and the innocent insane should be in entirely separate institutions, and that every State should make provision for special hospitals for the criminal insane apart from the ordinary prison. An admirable paper was one by Dr. O. J. Bennett, of the Western Penitentiary, Pennsylvania, upon tuberculosis in prison. He called special attention to what is too often forgotten, that one of the chief centers for the spread of the disease which takes nearly one-seventh of the human race is the prison, or rather the reformatory. The prison holds its grip upon men for a longer time, and there is not such frequent change of population. The reformatory sends out its paroled inmates frequently. Again, the inmates of reformatories are more nearly of the age when tuberculosis is most likely to manifest itself. If they are not carefully guarded, they become dangerous to the community. Outdoor life upon farms will have to be provided for all criminals who are victims of tuberculosis.

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Cook County Jail After one had learned something of the vileness of the ordinary jail, devoid of all moral cleanliness, with no industries, with the disgraceful stigma of being a school for crime, it was cheering to hear of what is going on in Cook County Jail in Chicago, under the work of Mr. and Mrs. Whitman—for it is characteristic of the man that he attributes his success in meeting the problems of jail work to the aid and inspiration of his wife. It was only because of her persuasions that Mr. Whitman left his office for the first time in five years to meet his fellows engaged in similar work, and get the strength which comes from the grasp of the hand, the brotherly confidences, and the instruction afforded by the Prison Congress. It was equally characteristic of the noble-hearted woman that when, during his absence, death struck her home, she should have closed the eyes of her mother and laid her away to rest without informing her husband of the sorrow, lest it should tear him away from a place where he hoped to get fresh inspiration for his unending task in dealing with hundreds of criminal men and women in the great Chicago jail. With such devoted people it is not strange that, even without industries or proper construction, a jail may be made a place of light and hope. The men are held together by the highest moral forces exerted over them by this remarkable jailer. The women of the

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institution are grouped in another circle, and the boys are under the charge of a noble woman who wields them as she will. If such influences were to be found in every jail, the tide of crime would be stayed forthwith. But, in lieu of the men, the State can at least provide proper jails, with facilities for classification, with work for every one, books, exercise, fresh air, light and sunshine, just as soon as the public is educated to demand them for prisoners waiting trial, and those who must still be sent to houses of detention.

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The Extra Session of Congress

President Roosevelt has called Congress to meet in extra session the second week in November, for the one purpose of passing an act giving practical effect to the Cuban reciprocity treaty ratified in a halting and doubtful fashion by the Senate last winter. By the summoning of this special session four weeks in advance of the regular session, President Roosevelt has lent great assistance to the effort to fulfill the unofficial pledge of trade concessions by which Cuba was led to accept the Platt amendments to her National Constitution. We believe that the vast majority of the people of this country wish these pledges fulfilled and the new treaty put into effect. By providing a special month for its consideration the President has done his part to defeat the forces which keep saying "not yet," when they mean "not at all." The naming of this single subject for consideration, however, does not prevent Congress from taking up any subject it wishes—canals, currency, or tariff. The last of these subjects alone, however, has any legitimate connection with the subject named in the President's call, and public sentiment will sustain those who try to exclude the introduction of any other.

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Mr. Lecky

Visitors to the House of Commons have often noticed, sitting on the Liberal-Unionists' benches, a large man, whose strong physique did not, however, suggest the athlete. The face was fair, placid, with a touch of boyishness. This was William E. H. Lecky, the historian, whose death in London on Friday of last week involves a serious loss to the English-speaking world. For Mr. Lecky was neither a dry-as-dust nor a dramatic historian; he was singularly dispassionate and fair-minded; so fair-minded, indeed, that it was not easy for him to work in party lines; so broad-minded that it was difficult for him to feel intensely on many subjects which evoked the passions of his contemporaries. Born in Dublin on March 26, 1838, the descendant of a family of English landowners who had been in Ireland for two hundred years, Mr. Lecky went to Cheltenham College and later to Trinity College, Dublin, from whence he was graduated in 1859, and four years later took his degree of Master of Arts. He had intended to become a clergyman of the Church of Ireland, and studied divinity for that purpose, but changes of opinion led to the abandonment of his earlier plans, and a growing interest in historical subjects determined his later career. As a student he was extremely active in all historical matters; and seven years after his graduation, while still a young man, his first book, "The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe," was published. Its maturity, candor, and dispassionateness were as remarkable as its erudition, and both were highly significant of the judicial temper and scholarly instincts of a man under thirty years of age. Four years later the "History of European Morals from Augustine to Charlemagne" appeared; a work of the most serious temper, but possessed of the deepest interest for all those who care for the movement of human thought. In 1890 the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" was published in eight volumes; in bulk the most elaborate and possibly the most difficult of all Mr. Lecky's undertakings. In 1896 the appearance of "Democracy and Liberty" evoked wide discussion and vigorous protest, especially among the men with whom Mr. Lecky was in the habit of acting politically. In 1895 Mr. Lecky entered Parliament as a representative of the University of Dublin. He was greatly respected, but he was

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not an oratorical speaker, nor was he enough of a party man to be an efficient political worker. Four years ago his latest book, "The Map of Life," gave to the world his maturest meditations and convictions—an informal philosophy of life, in which were distilled the results of a lifelong experience and habit of thought. Few books of the kind show greater sincerity and frankness; very few books dealing with such subjects have the same quality of simplicity; and, it must be added, few books of the kind are so genuinely interesting. Mr. Lecky had received recognition from many universities and societies, both in England and on the Continent. Never, in a wide sense, a popular man, he was in a high sense one of the first Englishmen of his time; a thinker who was a scholar, a historian whose human interests were so genuine and so deep that his perfect candor and fair-mindedness, while they compelled him to write with a restrained pen, did not rob his style of the charm of candor, simplicity, and a wide outlook on men and affairs.

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The Alaskan Adjudication: Official Comment

The decision in the Alaskan adjudication case has been followed by an uncommon amount of interesting comment, both official and otherwise. Lord Alverstone's conclusion is as follows:

The broad, undisputed facts are that the parties were engaged in making an agreement respecting the archipelago and islands off the coast and some strip of land upon the coast itself. The western limit of these islands extends in some places about a hundred miles from the coast, and the channels or passages between the islands and between the islands and the coast are narrow waters, their widths varying from a few hundred yards to thirteen miles. In ordinary parlance, no one would call the waters of any of these channels or inlets the ocean. . . . This consideration, however, is not sufficient to solve the question. It still leaves open the interpretation of the word coast, to which the mountains were to be parallel. . . . There is, so far as I know, no recognized rule of international law which would by implication give a recognized meaning to the word coast as applied to such sinuosities and such waters different from the coast itself. As I have said more than once, the *locus in quo* to which the treaty was referring precludes the possibility of construing the word coast in any particular article in any special way if it does not refer to the coast line of the continent.

Hence peculiar interest attaches to the minority report from the dissenting Anglo-Canadian Commissioners, Sir Louis Jetté and Mr. Aylesworth. They say:

We do not consider the finding as regards the islands at the entrance of the Portland Canal or the mountain line a judicial one. We therefore declined to be parties thereto. Our position during the conference has been unfortunate. We have been compelled to witness the sacrifice of the interests of Canada and have been powerless to prevent it, though we were satisfied that the course which the majority was determined to pursue in respect to the matters above specially referred to ignored the just rights of Canada.

On reading the statement of the Canadian Commissioners that the decision ought not to be judicial, Lord Alverstone replied, as reported, that "the suggestions of Messrs. Jetté and Aylesworth are unwarranted, unjustifiable, and in my opinion unfounded. The decision was made solely upon legal considerations." Mr. Clifford Sifton, the Canadian Agent in the matter, is reported as declaring that the representatives of the United States had acted with perfect courtesy and good faith throughout the proceedings and that the Canadians had nothing whatever to say against the American representatives.

❀

Newspaper Comment

The most interesting and significant comment from the Canadian side, however, comes from the "Toronto Globe," which many regard as being the ablest paper in Canada. It says:

Under the terms of the treaty, each nation stands bound to accept the decisions, and they will unquestionably be accepted. So far as this country is concerned there will be no harking back. It went into the adjudication in good faith; it fought out its contentions with ability and moderation; it will accept the result with frankness and dignity.

It is a great satisfaction to have a foremost representative of Canadian journalism frankly recognize the case as an adjudication, not an attempt at arbitration, and it expresses what we believe must be the sentiments of most Canadians. While this fair-mindedness is not characteristic of all Canadian jour-

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nals, it is of the best newspapers in the Dominion and of the most influential journals in England. The London "Times," for instance, points out that the sole business of the tribunal was to interpret the treaties, and that the increased value for Canada now attaching to the debatable land was not strictly relevant:

> Englishmen will assuredly feel now, and most Canadians will very soon agree, that the inestimable gain in definitely settling a question which offered perennial opportunities for exciting discord far outweighs the disappointment aroused by the decision, which, after all, practically leaves things as it found them.

The London "Daily News" says that, when the matter is arbitrated, the only course for honorable men is to submit to the award. It adds that Lord Alverstone is the very last man voluntarily to surrender British rights, and that he must have been completely convinced of the justice of American contentions. The "St. James's Gazette" says that the decision was absolutely required by the justice of the case, while the "Pall Mall Gazette" comments on the lack of dignity shown by the Canadians in declining to sign the decision and in declaring the findings to be unjudicial. We may add that while there is undoubted disappointment in Canada, resentment is directed toward England rather than toward the United States; a few Canadians going so far as to declare that England is at any time ready to sacrifice the interests of her great colony to the preservation of Anglo-American friendship.

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Reaction in China The newspaper correspondents in Shanghai and Chifu report much greater friendliness between China and Japan in the matters of education which they think have a bearing on politics. The missionary agents at Peking, Tungchau, Hankau, Amoy, Fuchau, Suchau, and Shanghai give encouraging news as to the receptivity of the Chinese not only in education but also in religious matters. On the other hand, there are indications of reaction. From Peking comes the news, as might have been expected, of the existence of a pro-Russian element among the officials which rejoices at Russian aggrandizement in Manchuria and Mongolia, in return, doubtless, for favors received. This does not necessarily mean that these officials have been bribed with money. With the reactionary Empress at the head of the Government it should be tolerably easy for Russia to obtain political advancement for Chinese officials willing to serve her interests. At the establishment of the first wireless telegraph station at Taku on the Chinese coast last week, congratulatory messages were exchanged with the Italian flagship lying off Taku, as was proper, since to Italy is due the credit for the realization of the scheme. Although the representatives of the Chinese diplomatic and military corps were present, we also read that the Government at Peking had caused worship to heaven to be offered to confound the electrical spirit! Turning to the south, we find the continued presence of famine, that dread agent of revolution in every land and in every age. In the province of Kuangsi, M. de Zenzinov, the well-informed writer, says in the Paris "Revue Bleue," thousands of unfortunates are dying from hunger and whole families are living upon leaves and roots. Coincidently, money is becoming scarcer and many Chinese bankers are liquidating their affairs. Other significant circumstances of the same character as those which preceded the Boxer outbreak have become widely known, and not unnaturately inspire in European and American residents some fear that new popular outbreaks may be imminent.

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Japan and Russia Last week, in Japan, the strained relations with Russia were indicated by Ministerial conferences and naval preparations. The latter included the appointment of the "fighting Admiral" Toga to command the standing squadron, and a countermanding of the order to the Japanese gunboat which was to have wintered at Niuchuang. The Ministers conferred concerning the question whether Japan should adhere to her policy in insisting that Russia fulfill the pledges made regarding Manchuria, or

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whether, as urged by Marquis Ito, a compromise measure would not solve the problem—an agreement whereby Japan should refrain from pressing for the military evacuation of Manchuria, in return for a pledge that Russia would respect Korean integrity and the Japanese sphere of influence there. On the Russian side there was a continuance of the military and naval energy of recent weeks, and practical demonstrations were given of the efficiency of the Trans-Siberian Railway for military purposes. One cannot, says the Moscow correspondent of the London "Times," ignore the significance of this energy, as exhibited in the streams of reinforcements, the train-loads of military and commissariat stores, the large additions to the staffs of the vessels of the Russian Pacific squadron,'and the solemn adjurations of the commanding officers and Church dignitaries to the troops about to embark for "service" in the Far East. The troops are told to "serve the Emperor at the first call with all their might as worthy successors of the warriors who have freely poured out their life's blood for the Little Father and his sublime heritage."

❀

Russia and America Concerning the Manchurian question Russia is showing a certain restiveness, not only with regard to the attitude of Japan, but also in respect to that of the United States. For instance, a Russian newspaper, the "Novykrai," of Port Arthur, Manchuria, commenting on the commercial treaty recently signed between the United States and China, declares that Article XII. (opening ports in Manchuria to the American trade) strikes at the very heart of Russian interests in that province. The paper contends that the treaty affects part of the territory which, by virtue of fiscal relations, is not free so long as Russia has not definitelycome to an understanding with China regarding Russian rights. "Moreover, prior to her present occupation, Russia had special treaty relations with China regarding this territory." Of course little credence may be attached to unofficial reports coming from the Far East of any purpose on the part of Russia to defeat the operation of the new treaty between the United States and China. As the treaty was communicated to the Russian Foreign Office, and elicited assurances that Russia did not object to it, it would seem, even assuming that Russia and China had concluded a secret treaty, that the latter could hardly be impaired by any preceding secret agreement. We are concerned not so much because of Russia's actual failure to withdraw from Manchuria as because of anxiety as to the operation of the new treaty, presumably more assured under Chinese than under Russian rule. As the Paris "Temps" says, "who does not know that Russia has assented to the great principle of the open door only by retaining for herself the post of doorman?"

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Macedonian Amelioration On Sunday of this week the new Russo-Austrian scheme for the amelioration of affairs in Macedonia was made public. It has for its guiding principle control of all branches of the administration of the disturbed provinces by Austria and Russia for two years. One Austrian and one Russian Assessor are to be appointed, and are to be attached to the staff of Hilmi Pasha, the Inspector-General, with a corps of assistants, secretaries, and interpreters, whose duties will be to exercise control over all the acts of the provincial authorities. A European General in the Turkish service is to be appointed to command the gendarmerie, and he will be assisted by an adequate number of Russian and Austrian officers acquainted with the languages of the country, and, if necessary, by Austrian and Russian noncommissioned officers. Provision is made for the establishment of communal autonomy and the rectification of the present communal boundaries, with the view of the better distribution of the various communities and the creation of spheres, Bulgarian, Albanian, Servian, etc., that shall be more homogeneous in nationality and religion. Other points of the scheme deal with the relief of refugees, the rebuilding of villages, schools, and churches, and the disbandment of the irregular troops. There are

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two objections to this otherwise hopeful scheme. One is that the Sultan will be apt to defer accepting it until he has ascertained the attitude of all the Powers, hoping to excite jealousy among them because of the appointment of assessors who are to be exclusively Russian and Austrian. The second objection may come, not from the Sultan, but from the Macedonian insurgents, who now regard Hilmi Pasha, despite his reputed good intentions, as being transformed from an inspector of the first reforms agreed upon months ago into an instrument of butchery, defilement, and devastation. In our opinion, no scheme is likely to prove satisfactory which stops short of complete provincial autonomy under a Christian Governor-General.

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The American Missionary Association

The annual meeting of the American Missionary Association (Congregational) at Cleveland, October 20–22, was unexpectedly large. Increased contributions gave encouragement. The educational work in the South turns more and more to the development of the higher schools. At the same time the necessity of industrial and manual training is fully recognized, and large provision for it is made for the youth of both sexes. But on this the superstructure of intellectual enlightenment is reared. Since 1886, one hundred and eighteen new buildings for educational uses have been erected. The training of fit teachers for the common schools is recognized as the most effective course. The helpful sympathy which is invariably now expressed by the Southern communities in which the Association is at work bears testimony both to the spirit of the workers and the results of their work. The Japanese population on the Pacific coast is increasing, and successful missionary work is being carried on among them. Dr. Moxom, of Springfield, preached the annual sermon. He thought that even more than the blacks the whites of the South, as the ruling race, need educating and Christianizing. Strong addresses were made by Dr. Washington Gladden, who was re-elected President; Dr. Mackenzie, the new President of Hartford Theological Seminary; also by Mr. George Crawford and Mr. William Pickens, negroes who have won distinction at Yale. The address of Dr. W. M. Bell in behalf of the missionary work of the United Brethren in Christ seemed to presage the projected union of that denomination with Congregationalists. Next year's meeting of the American Missionary Association will be at Des Moines, in connection with that of the National Congregational Council. Among the benevolent societies sustained by the Congregational churches this Association is distinguished for the co-operation given to it by others. The work among the needy races under our flag which, with other organizations, it is prosecuting gains, we think, an increasing hold upon the sympathies of patriotic Christian citizens.

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The Episcopal Bishops and Divorce

The deep interest in the question of marriage and divorce in the Episcopal Church was evidenced again last week by a discussion at the All-American Conference of the Bishops of that Church in Washington. Bishop Doane, who made one of the most notable addresses at the Conference, is one of the leaders of the movement to amend the canon of the Episcopal Church which now recognizes divorce for the statutory reason, and to place the Church unequivocally on record as against divorce and any remarriage of divorced persons. The assertion that the conception of marriage involved in this position is too ideal was met by Bishop Doane with the statement that "the one steady aim of religion is to lift men up to the ideal and not to let the ideal down to men." He declared that under the present law sin was committed for the very purpose of furnishing ground for divorce, and he believed that if the marriage tie were made irrevocable there would be fewer causes for divorce. He urged that the alarming increase of divorce in this country seriously threatens morality; that the canon law of the Church ought to be still more stringent than it is; that it is impossible for any one to affirm

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that the language in the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew is absolutely certain either in its authority or in its interpretation; that this record is at variance with other statements of Christ upon the same subject; that St. Paul's statement in the Epistle to the Corinthians and the Epistle to the Romans shows that the position of the Apostolic Church and his own position was that only death dissolves the marriage bond; that for the first three hundred years in the history of the primitive Church remarriage after divorce was unknown; that the Church of England from the time of the Norman Conquest forbids such marriage by canon law; that the whole spirit of the marriage service of the Church maintains the indissoluble sanctity of the marriage bond; that the fact that this is sometimes a hardship is not an argument that it is not right. It is reported that the majority of the bishops were strongly of Bishop Doane's opinion; and it was proposed to put that opinion into the form of a resolution. This action, however, was strongly opposed by Bishop Potter, Bishop Mackay-Smith, and others, on the ground that it would be unwise to take advantage of the presence of a large majority who favored more stringent divorce legislation, and that it would be both more considerate and just to permit the matter to go over until the meeting of the House of Bishops at the General Convention in Boston a year hence. Bishop Sweatman, of Montreal, made a very interesting statement in regard to the situation in Canada. He declared that there was practically no divorce evil in Canada, the laws being so stringent that it is very difficult to procure divorce on any ground. The only ground recognized by the Canadian law as cause for absolute divorce is "adultery proved," and remarriage of the innocent party is permitted only at the option of the Senate, to which all applications for divorce must be made, the legal fees amounting to $1,200. As a result of this law, during the last twelve years there have been an average of only three and a half divorces a year. No remarriage after divorce, even of the innocent party, is permitted by the Episcopal Church in Canada.

The New York City Campaign

The New Standards Established

Until last week the natural issue of the New York City campaign was left unjoined. The plain question before the voters was whether they wished the continuance of Mayor Low's administration. The Fusionists declared that it was the best administration the city had had in this generation. The Tammany reply was that the administration had not been non-partisan, and that all Democrats should unite in giving the city a partisan Democratic administration. The weakness of this reply had the pronounced effect of strengthening Mr. Low's supporters, whose faith in the excellence of his administration was deepened by the inability of his opponents to find weak points for attack. Last week the conductors of the Tammany campaign realized the effect of their evasion of the critical issue, and two of their spokesmen boldly took it up. Mr. McClellan in speech after speech arraigned the administration for the enforcement of "blue" laws, and Mr. Bourke Cockran, in his address at Carnegie Hall announcing his support of Mr. McClellan, declared that the Low administration was the worst New York had had "since the days of Tweed."

The belated attacks upon the record of the administration simply strengthen the effect of the long silence. Colonel McClellan's accusation that blue laws have been enforced is to most of the people of this country merely new praise of what Mr. Low has accomplished. Everybody knows that no American State has gone so far as New York in obedience to the prejudices of its immigrant voters. With the passage of the Raines law permitting Sunday sales of liquor in every place that can be called a hotel the last bluish tint, according to American standards, was removed from New York legislation. The saloon interest does, indeed, demand a wide-open Sunday for all bar-rooms, but even Tammany Hall does not dare openly to indorse that demand. The most important blue law that the administration has

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enforced is that which shuts out the glare of the red light.

Mr. Cockran's attack upon Mr. Low's administration demands more attention in a journal of National circulation, because Mr. Cockran has a National reputation—which is greater outside of New York than in it. His orations in support of Mr. McKinley on the currency issue in 1896 delighted one great constituency, and his orations in support of Mr. Bryan in 1900 on the issues of the Philippine and Boer wars delighted another. But Mr. Cockran's strength has always been rhetoric rather than argument. When, the other night, he attempted to support by facts his sweeping denunciation of the Low administration, he did not even convince the men who applauded. The facts which he cited consisted of a short, carefully selected table of corporation office buildings far down town on which taxation had been reduced, and of houses in the congested Jewish quarter on which taxes had been raised. He closed the reading of his impressive table by the declaration that he did not doubt that the taxes on Fifth Avenue residences had been reduced.

Fortunately, the crushing refutation of Mr. Cockran had already been given and continues to be given by Comptroller Grout, who justly prides himself upon the tax reforms of the administration as his greatest achievement. When the new assessments had been made, Comptroller Grout ordered an examination of the changes in taxation upon over two thousand widely scattered tenement properties taken at random. The result showed that in less than one-seventh of the cases had taxes been increased, and that the average reduction in taxation for all the tenement-houses was over ten per cent. All over the city it is the poorer taxpayers who have gained most by assessments according to law instead of assessments according to favor. The congested Jewish quarter constitutes one of the exceptions, because assessments there had not previously been advanced to keep pace with the advance in values. The taxes on some downtown office buildings were reduced, because old office buildings have declined in value with the rapid erection of competing structures with better equipment. The Fifth Avenue district, in which Mr. Cockran did not doubt that taxes had been reduced, is precisely the one from which the most bitter complaints against the new valuations have come. We know of one wealthy Hebrew family which supported Mr. Low in the previous election and has since turned against him, partly because its residence, near Mr. Carnegie's, has had its assessment increased threefold—or almost to the market price of the property. Minor inequalities doubtless remain, but the cure for these inequalities is contained in the new system of publishing the assessments, so that every property-owner may know how other properties are taxed. Publicity here as elsewhere is the surest guarantee of equality, and the Low administration in this department, as in every other, has stood firmly for the equality of all citizens before the law.

When such is the record of the administration in the departments selected for attack, the soundness of the whole administration stands attested by new evidence. In the police department the shifting of inspectors from district to district has made police protection of vice so perilous that "graft" is practically suppressed. In the tenement-house department the enforcement of the new law making landlords responsible for the harboring of open vice in their premises has practically freed the dwelling-places of the poor from the presence of the moral pollution they used to shelter. In the health department the systematic and fearless inspection of milk and food supplies and the destruction of dangerous matter has helped reduce the death-rate in Manhattan to the lowest point ever known. It is true that this last point has been exaggerated by some Fusion speakers, and we do not wish to repeat their exaggerations. The last Tammany Health Board had also a fine record, and could boast of an equal reduction in the death-rate from that under the previous Fusion administration. But each new advance becomes more difficult as the rate falls, and the activities of the present force of hardly more than

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a hundred physicians under the Health Board deserve the highest praise. Never before has the health of school-children received so much attention, and never before have the patients in the hospitals been treated with so much humanity. The last word used characterizes even more conspicuously the work of another great department—that of charities. Commissioner Folks's record in this department is one of the most brilliant achievements of the administration. He has given to it not only the labor of the two years he has been in office, but the results of his previous labor of years in his chosen department. Attention to business detail to stop leaks has been supplemented by more liberal provision for the real needs of the city's dependents. With one hand he has kept the city from assuming the support of those whose families ought to care for them, and with the other he has used the savings in taking better care of those who could honorably ask the city's aid.

In the other departments of the city government the same energy and enthusiasm have been displayed. In the dock department larger revenues have been collected than ever before. In the department of water, gas, and electricity larger revenues have been collected, and a great stride has been taken toward freeing the city from monopoly extortion by the Commissioner's demand that the city be given the right to supply its own electricity for public lighting. In the field of public franchises the city has obtained larger revenues than ever before, and carried forward a far-seeing plan for future city ownership of interborough transportation. Of the work of the department of schools and the department of parks we have spoken at length in other issues, and need not summarize the advances here. What we wish here to observe is that while the heads of all these departments deserve high praise for the individual work they have accomplished, the man who gathered around him such a group of co-workers is, after all, the center and life of the administration. In every field of city administration Mr. Low has raised new standards which future administrations will lower at their peril.

Our "Subject" Races

The Lake Mohonk platform, which we publish on another page, points toward a solution of the Indian problem; that solution was still more tersely stated by Colonel R. H. Pratt: "To civilize the Indian, put him into civilization; to keep him civilized, let him stay there."

This is just what the Reservation does not do. It keeps civilization from the Indian on the ground that civilization is perilous, and therefore the Indian should be kept from contact with civilization. The result of this segregation of the Indians in reservations is to foster the vices of civilization without imparting its virtues, and to weaken the virtues of barbarism without correcting its vices. Eighteen years ago the Lake Mohonk Conference, after two or three years of discussion, came to the conclusion that the reservations ought to be abolished. In the Lake Mohonk Conference the Dawes Bill was born, and the first steps for the abolition of the reservations were begun under this bill. The process has been carried on from that day to this; reservations have been abolished, land granted to the Indians in severalty, and the Indians incorporated as citizens in the commonwealth. But in frequent cases agents have been continued after the reservation was opened to settlement, because the agent had influential friends in the United States Senate. The Indian Bureau has hit upon the plan of transferring the duties of the agent in such cases to the superintendent of schools, and placing him under bonds when charged with the care of proper interests. The Lake Mohonk Conference recommends this policy, and urges that, whenever the reservation is abolished and the land is thrown open for settlement, the agency be discontinued.

Some influential members of the Conference would have gone further. They would have placed the reservations which are not thrown open to settlement under the charge of the War Department. What the judgment of the Conference would have been if a vote had been taken on this proposition we cannot say. The Conference has never declared its

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opinion on any public question until it could do so with substantial unanimity. It was clear that substantial unanimity could not be secured on this proposition, and therefore no vote was taken upon it. The Outlook hopes that in a year from now the opposition to this policy may be overcome, and the Conference may supplement the recommendation of this year by adding the recommendation that all reservations not thrown open to settlement be placed under the charge of the War Department.

There are only two conceivable reasons why any reservation should not be abandoned and the Indians absorbed in the population of the State or Territory: one, that they are barbaric and it is necessary to protect the white citizens from them; the other, that they are children and it is necessary to protect them from the white citizens. If they are sufficiently educated to be fairly able to take care of themselves, and reasonably safe members of society, there is no conceivable reason why they should be shut up in a reservation. But the duty of protection is a police duty, and the army is the police force of the United States. No one would think of appointing an agent to take care of the Moros in the Philippines; no one would think of appointing an agent to govern the Eastman gang in New York City; no one would think of appointing an agent to protect the Jewish residents on the East Side from the incursions of their neighbors in the vicinity. If the Jews need protection from their neighbors, they look to the constabulary of the State, and, if that does not suffice, to the army of the United States, for protection. If the people of New York need protection from the Eastman gang, they look to the police of the city, and if that is not sufficient to the militia of the State, and if that is not sufficient to the army of the United States, for protection. If the Indians in any reservation are savages, the whites should be protected from them by the army; if the Indians in any reservation are children, they should be protected from their unscrupulous neighbors by the army.

In an editorial article "City and State" intimates that this plan has been tried and has failed. "City and State" has been misinformed; the plan has never been tried. At one time in the history of the Indian Department the Indian Bureau asked for a list of army officers who might be appointed as agents to care for Indian reservations. A list was carefully made out and submitted. One officer from that list was accepted by the Indian Bureau; all the others were discarded and other army officers put in their places. This does not approximate the plan which we are here urging. It is one thing for the Indian Bureau to pick out army officers who are willing either for philanthropic or for less noble motives to undertake the work of Indian agents; it is another and very different thing for the War Department to assume responsibility for all uncivilized tribes on reservations, and to assign to that work such officers as the Secretary of War may select, and who will be compelled to take up the duty as they would take up any other duty assigned to them. In our judgment, the time has fully come for putting an end to the Indian problem, and this can be done only by following the plan of Colonel Pratt and putting the Indians into civilization. If there are any Indians so savage that they are dangerous to the white people, or so undeveloped that the white people are dangerous to them, it is the duty of the army to protect them, and to the army they should be assigned for protection.

The discussions at the Lake Mohonk Conference brought out some facts of National significance. One was that in Porto Rico there are 360,000 children of school age, 50,000 of whom are in school, 310,000 of whom are out of school. At the time of the American occupation there was not a school-house in the country. Porto Rico has done remarkably well in making so large provision in so short a time. But Porto Rico is a part of the United States. We are responsible for its welfare, and we ought in some way to make provision for those 310,000 children. If it is necessary to do this out of the Federal treasury, out of the Federal treasury it should be done. If it is right to tax

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the wealthy men of the city of New York to provide schools which their children do not attend, it is right to tax the wealthy citizens in the United States to provide schools in Porto Rico. Nor is this an exceptional exigency. In the Indian Territory the Indian children are provided for in Federal schools. The white children are unprovided for. The lands of the Indians are not taxed, and there are no funds available for schools. If the Federal Government prohibits taxation of Indian lands, it should provide, either out of the Federal treasury or out of the tribal funds, an equivalent for that taxation. It is not right that the local community should bear the burden of the Indians in their neighborhood. That should be a National, not a local, burden. And the same principle which demands that the rich people in a school district should pay taxes to support schools for all the people, which demands that the Nation should, if necessary, tax itself to provide schools for conquered territory like that of Porto Rico, demands that they should provide schools for all the children of all the unorganized territories—that is, for all communities which have not yet reached such a stage of self support and self-government that they are able to provide and administer their own schools. It should be counted as a National disgrace not to be endured that in any part of this land, under the American flag, children should be growing up in enforced ignorance, to become waifs and strays in childhood, and in later life tramps, vagabonds, and criminals.

We urge, therefore, upon Congress and upon the American public these two principles: First, that the reservation system should be at once abandoned as a system, and if there are any reservations that cannot be immediately opened to settlement, the Indians therein should be placed under charge of the War Department; second, that in all territory of the United States not yet organized into self-governing States, the Federal Government should see that a school system is established and maintained adequate for the education of all children of school age.

Our Public Schools

Teaching Religion

The objection brought against our public schools is that they fail to teach religion and that religion is essential to character. The objection is thus stated by the Rev. Mr. Geer, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whom we quoted last week:

> In a country like this, with a mixed population, it is not the right and not the duty nor the policy of the State to educate. The State is too big and unwieldy an organization to do such delicate work. . . . What is the result of our malpractice? Why, we are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions. Lynchers, labor agitators, and lawbreakers generally are human guideposts, with arms, hands, and fingers wide extended and voices at their loudest, pointing us to the ruin which awaits society if we persevere in the road which we are now taking.

Those who raise this objection assume that the defects in our National character are due to our public-school system, and that they would be reformed if our schools were transferred from the care and direction of the State to the care and direction of the Church. But no evidence whatever is adduced in support of this claim. One would think, if the claim is well founded, it ought to be easy to establish its truth. The schools of Italy, Spain, and France have been until a very recent period under the entire control of the Church. She has had the exclusive charge of public education. The schools of Germany and of the United States have been under the charge of the State. Have the children of Italy, Spain, and France been better educated than the children of Germany and the United States? Have they been more intelligent? more thrifty? more patriotic? more honest? more industrious? more chaste? more law-abiding? Up to the year 1870 the education of the children of England was left almost wholly to the Church, in this case to a Protestant Church. In 1870 a public-school system was introduced and the two systems were carried on together. Were the common people of England

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better educated, were they more intelligent and more virtuous, prior to 1870 than since? Is there any evidence that since 1870 the pupils who have been taught in the parochial schools of Great Britain have shown a higher degree of intelligence and maintained a higher standard of morality than those who have been taught in the Board schools, which have been carried on by the State? The evidence, so far as it has reached us, has rather pointed in the other direction; it has indicated that in most communities the work in the Board schools has been in every respect of a somewhat higher grade than in the parochial schools. In the United States we have in the same cities, side by side, parochial and public schools. There is nothing which business men are more earnest to secure in boys and young men coming into their employment than the virtues of industry, temperance, truthfulness, and honesty. If in the last quarter-century they had found these virtues more in evidence in the graduates from the parochial schools than in the graduates from the public schools, the public would have learned the fact by this time. The certificate of a parochial school would be a better guarantee of character than the certificate of the public school, and the boys would in increasing numbers flock from the public school to the parochial school. But, unless we are misinformed, the reverse is the case. The tendency is from the parochial school to the public school. It requires all the persuasions of the parish priest to counteract this tendency. And the reason of this tendency is not a traditional prejudice in the parents in favor of the public school; the traditional prejudice is the other way. The reason is the fact that the graduate of the public school is preferred to the graduate of the parochial school, because he is found better fitted for the strain of business life, in moral qualities as well as in intellectual equipment.

In truth, a fallacy underlies this phrase "teaching religion." Strictly speaking, religion cannot be taught; it can only be imparted. Religion is "the life of God in the soul of man," and life is not inculcated but inspired. The pedagogue can teach the Ten Commandments. But knowing the Ten Commandments is not religion. Reverence for God, respect for one's parents, honesty, chastity, truthfulness, a pure heart—these are religion; and these cannot be taught, they must be imparted. Strictly speaking, morality cannot be taught. Morality is the practice of the duties of man toward his fellow-man. What those duties are can be taught; but morality is not a knowledge of what duty is—that is ethics; morality is a will to fulfill those duties. Teaching instructs the intellect; but both morality and religion have their secret in the will; and it is only as the will is directed to reverence, purity, temperance, good will, that the child becomes either moral or religious.

The religion of a school does not, therefore, primarily depend upon its catechism or its curriculum, but upon its teacher. A teacher who is irreverent may teach that "God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth;" but an irreverent teacher cannot inspire reverence in his pupils. An unchaste teacher may teach the seventh commandment; but an unchaste teacher cannot inspire the spirit of chastity in his pupils. Religion is a spirit, not to be taught but to be imparted, and only he can impart it who possesses it. No doubt the teaching of ethics may be made a medium for the impartation of the moral life, and the teaching of doctrine may be made a medium for the impartation of religious life. But the teaching is no more necessary for the religion than a bottle is necessary for a drink of water. There are many other ways of drinking water than out of a bottle; there are many other ways of imparting religion than by a catechism.

What we need in our schools, whether private or public, is not catechism but religion; not definitions but life; not a teaching of religion for half an hour, along with reading, writing, and arithmetic, not a fourth R added to the three R's, but the spirit of self-control, good will, and reverence in the teachers, and a free play for the manifestation of this

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life of self-control and good will and reverence, that it may be imparted by them to the pupils under their influence. And of this spirit neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant, neither Christian nor Jew, has a monopoly. The public school cannot teach theology, but theology is not important to good citizenship. It cannot teach religion, because religion cannot be taught. But it can select for its teachers men and women whose spirit is that of sobriety or temperance, of righteousness or good will, of godliness or reverence; and in so doing it can do as much as the parish school, perhaps more, to impart a like spirit to its pupils.

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The Spectator

There is an old fable of a frog and a puddle, and the Spectator is reminded of it by the undignified plight of "Elijah the Restorer" in New York. New York is not at any time a placid puddle; but just now it is a social and financial whirlpool. A frog that looms large in the Zion City puddle becomes the mere sport of the outer edge of the maelstrom of Gotham. When the frog realizes this, he naturally feels the change; and this is what has upset Dr. John Alexander Dowie, and produced the extraordinary spectacle of a prophet calling his audience names and reviling in the choicest billingsgate the community he had hoped to convert. Whether Dowie is a paranoiac, or an egomaniac, or a plain impostor, or a picturesque fanatic, two facts are certain—that he takes himself very seriously, and that New York will not take him seriously at all.

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The Spectator, as an old New Yorker, remembers the first campaign of Moody and Sankey in the old Madison Square Garden, in the seventies. Mr. Moody was a wiser strategist than Dowie (to say nothing of his other qualities), and he chose the psychological moment when Father Knickerbocker had nothing particular on his mind. The Spectator thought of this when he entered the big building one morning last week, and found only part of the floor-space filled and no one in the galleries. The neat, pleasant-mannered Zion Guards in their blue uniforms and the bandmen in khaki and rough-rider hats were there, and the women of the Zion Restoration Host were busy selling "Leaves of Healing," the Zion illustrated paper, up and down the aisles; but the audience was not a promising one. A group of medical students came in with the Spectator, evidently bent on a lark; there were hundreds of unmistakable loafers, who found the seats inside more comfortable than the corners outside or the settees in Madison Square; there were a few women, and the rest were the Prophet's own people.

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The Spectator had chosen a morning meeting, because he wished to see the thing shorn of its accessories of music and vestments and marching, and get the leader's unadorned message. The Zionists are not a prompt people; the meeting was scheduled for ten-thirty, but did not begin till eleven, when one of the "Overseers"—there were three of them, in ordinary clothes, on the flag-draped platform—gave out a well-known hymn. But the audience wouldn't sing, and, after several struggles, reading from the Scriptures was substituted. It was nearly half-past eleven when the "General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion" appeared with his wife and son, and toiled slowly up the platform steps; for a prophet of only five feet six, carrying perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh, cannot well be agile. In this respect "Elijah III." differs strikingly from those he claims as his predecessors. Elijah the Tishbite could gird up his loins and run before the chariot of Ahab; and John the Baptist was of the same type—a tireless son of the wilderness. Dowie, in his robes, is fairly impressive when he keeps still. But in a frock coat, with his grotesque peculiarities of build and gesture, the Spectator found him a frankly amusing figure; and his rough Scotch voice, choked with fat, and not audible half-way down the hall, contrasted ludicrously with the resonant tones of the two Overseers who had

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been praying and reading before he came. In one of these prayers, by the way, the gravity of the Spectator was sorely tried by the petition: "Deliver us, O Lord, from the filthy swine's flesh! Deliver us, O Lord, from the filthy oyster!" In the ancestral home of the Blue Points and the Saddle Rocks, this was hard to bear. The Spectator, remembering some oysters he has met in the West—notably one plate of them, on a train out of Chicago, which the colored waiter proudly informed him were "'most alive, suh, when day came"—can understand the Zion City point of view, on its native heath. But in New York!

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The General Overseer (or "G. O.," as the Host call him for convenience) did not refer to oysters, however. What he meant to talk about was not clear, for every time he started off to deliver his speech he broke off in short order to scold at the audience. He began by announcing that seven thousand dollars in checks had been received from "Christian merchants" of New York. A cough was heard. Dowie flared up. "I shall deal with that very quickly," he cried, stamping up and down the platform in childishly ineffectual anger. A little afterward the medical students filed out. "You haven't got the first principles of decency," yelled the Prophet after them. He rambled on, mostly about himself, but breaking off five different times to berate the newspapers, the doctors, the clergy, the students, "whose brains were in their boots," and the audience, which, as noon was now over, kept departing more and more numerously. "I'll have you dealt with for disturbing a religious meeting! There's a law against it, though you New York people don't seem to know it!" he shouted, as a dozen persons, one of them a gray-haired woman, slipped out of their seats toward the nearest door. Under such a ruling the courts would certainly be kept busy on Mondays in New York and everywhere else where Sunday services are held.

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Mrs. Dowie, a plain, pleasant-faced woman, looked weary and worried as her spouse sputtered up and down the platform. Just before the end of the meeting, Dowie became angry at a man in the side aisle who doubted the statement that cancers could be cured by the Restorer. "Are you a doctor?" cried the "G. O." "No," said the man. "Well, then, you are a parson," more angrily still. The man denied the soft impeachment, but Dowie insisted. Then members of the Host were called upon to come to the platform and testify. Two white women and one colored woman and a white man came forward. Their testimonies were direct, uneducated, and astounding. One woman had "broken three vertebræ of the backbone of her spine" and another had "ten cancers in her side cured in three days," while the man, in addition to a "tumorous cancer," had had "a sort of misery all over him that the doctors couldn't tell what it was, and all swelled up." "Ha! do you hear that?" cried "Elijah the Third," shaking his finger menacingly at the skeptic of the side aisle. The Spectator's neighbor, a woman with a false front and a glass bead necklace, shook her head. "Did you come here to the Theosophical meetings?" she asked the girl next her. "I liked them a great deal better than him. He ought to know that a soft answer will make folks listen better than the way he scolds. And he can't heal like the Christian Scientists do. I had a friend—" But here the Spectator left, for the meeting was practically over.

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At the doors a strong-lunged Zion Guard was directing those who sought healing to a room upstairs, with a running fire of exhortations, "You must give up all to God, sister, before you seek healing." "No one can be cured, brother, who uses filthy tobacco." On another side tickets were being given out for the evening. The manners of the guards were strikingly superior to those of their leader. The Spectator went into the room set apart for healing, but no one was there except a few women and two of the Overseers, and there was no sign of Dowie's coming soon, so he went into the dining-hall

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and looked at the lace-making samples, and found all the members of the Restoration Host most willing and polite in showing a visitor about. Most of them were off visiting New York by districts, and five hundred visits a day was the average planned for each pair. "We go two by two," explained one guard, "for that was the Lord's command. No, we do not preach unless questions are asked, then we are ready to teach and pray if desired. We usually leave leaflets at each front door for the whole house, and do not climb stairs."

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The Spectator was not at all impressed by the Prophet, but very much by the Restoration Host. Armed with box tickets, he and Mrs. Spectator returned one night to see the full service. New York would not attend the daily meetings, but curious crowds came to guy every night. There had been a particularly lively time the night before, when Dowie's denunciations had reached their wildest pitch. This evening the Columbia students, over four hundred strong, were coming with the avowed intention of having some fun. Every seat was full before the time, and ten thousand outside were unable to get in. A genial policeman, leaning on the box railing, told the Spectator that the papers had not exaggerated the incidents of the evening before. "They've nearly two hundred police here to-night," he said, "besides detectives. There's the inspector's roundsman standing alongside the Columbia boys. It only took twenty police when they had the Old Guard Fair here. But this man Dowie, it's not religion he talks, or we wouldn't be needed. He can't manage a New York crowd, and he lays his tongue to abusin' everybody. When Mrs. Dowie or the others talks there's no trouble."

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At this point the Columbia students gave a college yell. The police pounced upon the leader and bore him, struggling, to the door, amidst loud hisses. Two bands began to play; the Overseers hurried here and there and held consultations; there were more demonstrations and removals of students, amid laughter, cheers, and hisses from all over the packed house. It was over half an hour late when the slow tramp and chant of Zion's Host began, and they came in and marched round the Garden, the choir of five hundred in white, the "seventies" in black gowns and caps, filling the aisles with their measured ranks and singing in impressive unison. It was a fine sight, and the audience needed no restraint, but behaved itself perfectly. This decorum held throughout the prayer by a deep-voiced young Overseer, the reading of the Scriptures by Mrs. Dowie in her robes, and the offertory. The audience was waiting for Dowie—and Dowie realized that discretion was the better part of valor. He got up to speak, and after a few sonorous nothings upon "divine healing as the lost chord in the Gospel" he suddenly stopped, as a bad cough began to afflict the Columbia seniors, and announced that the choir would sing the recessional. Down trooped the white-robed little girls, the young men and women, and the tired-looking "seventies." Down came Mrs. Dowie, looking wonderfully relieved. "I'm sure she told him to do it," whispered Mrs. Spectator. Down marched "Elijah the Restorer" himself, and as he went out by the stage door, close to the box, the Spectator could see his queer look up at the disappointed Columbia students, who cheered him, laughing, and to whom he raised his doctor's cap ceremoniously. "Shure, he had 'em to-night," said the policeman, with an Irish twinkle in his eye, "for he behaved himself like a clergyman. He's never done that before."

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Mrs. Spectator (who was not at the morning meeting) was inclined to believe that there was greatness in any man who could organize the Restoration Host and plan its impressive service. If the Spectator had not been at the morning meeting—but then he was, and first impressions are lasting. Next day it came out that the "Christian merchants'" checks were bogus, too. Poor Elijah III.!

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William E. H. Lecky

By William Elliot Griffis

GREAT BRITAIN has recently had not only one typical scholar in politics, but many of them. One of these, to whom thousands of Americans are intellectual debtors, has been the Rt. Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky.

After seven years of hard work in Parliament and five as a Privy Councilor, he retired from active political duty —a retirement due to impaired health. Besides having the reputation of being the most fluent speaker in Parliament, he had no match or rival in his lingual use of the choicest treasures of English. It was a rare thing for a stenographer to make a correct report of what the member representing Trinity University really said on a subject before the House, for Mr. Lecky could not be called an orator, nor, as Cicero once said of a certain speaker, was his speech *dulciora melle.* His strength lay in his profound and practical thought, and in his variegated language, which was rich in both beauty and vigor, but it flowed right on from beginning to end, without pause or break, and nothing but a phonograph could reproduce it with literary justice.

Mr. Lecky was justly entitled to retire from public activities: he had earned ease with honor. He was the man who above all others had done what was once thought psychologically impossible. He had converted his British countrymen to do justice to Ireland. He opposed Home Rule, but not righteousness. To the warmth of an Irish heart, whose pulsations are felt whenever he wrote of his birth-isle, he added the keen insight, the cold logic, and the practical view of an Englishman. In him the wedded pulses of an Irish father and an English mother met.

Mr. Lecky's life was one of singular devotion to scholarship. He was born at Longford Terrace, near Dublin, on the 26th of March, 1838. He was the eldest son of Mr. John H. Lecky. His mother was Maria Tallents, whose father was of that Newark-on-Trent where, during the Cromwellian wars, Colonel Eyre and his gallant cavalrymen long held their own against the Ironsides, and where to-day picturesque ruins, beautiful public gardens rich in Nature's wisdom and beauty, and a free library blossoming with the fresh thoughts of all the ages, tell of times better than the old ones of disease and war.

As a student young Lecky was educated in Dr. Stackpole's school at Kingstown, and at the Royal School at Armagh. Going later into Trinity College, he reached graduate honors in 1859. It was meant that he should be a minister, or, in mediæval phrase, a "clergyman," of the Irish Protestant Church. When a freshman, he published anonymously a little book on religious questions which is said to breathe an ardent spirit of piety. For some time he attended the divinity classes at Trinity, but after a year or two, giving up the idea of being a preacher through the living voice, he resolved to do silent preaching with the pen and through books. His first serious work, both biographical and critical, was on "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland." It came out anonymously in 1861, but it instantly established the reputation of its writer. When it was surely known that the blond-haired student on the very threshold of manhood had written it, he was considered a wonderful young man, and great were the prophecies of what was likely to come from the hand and brain of one who could write an essay like that on Swift. This one, though not the most accurate as to facts, is better in literary form than those on Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell. To the last personage Mr. Lecky paid a high tribute, even though not agreeing with him. He was that Irish orator with whom

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some of our pro-slavery fire-eaters in England wanted to fight a duel because of his reference in a speech to alleged negro baby-farming for the production of slaves.

The power of critical appreciation, the brightness of style, and the sanity of view in so young an author seemed unique. In that little book one notes the beginning of that strong pro-Irish strain visible probably in all of Mr. Lecky's writings, by which he almost completely neutralized the poison of Froude and Carlyle. These twin preachers of the sword would apparently have had Ireland driven, by push of pike or stroke of sabre, into obedience to British edicts, for they considered the Irishman a shiftless and lawless character. Lecky, with more intelligence and sympathy, has always pleaded for a true understanding of Ireland. Often at the icy edges of his glacier-like logic bloomed the blue flowers of tender compassion. More clearly than any other writer, he pictured the terrible cruelty of the Elizabethan soldiers. Even at the imminent risk of injuring the Dutch Republic when fighting Spain, the Queen did not hesitate to order away her regiments from Coevorden in order to ravage Ireland. While the glorifier of the Ulsterman expatiated on his virtues, Lecky showed that the Cromwellian settlement was the seed-plot of Ireland's agrarian troubles which continue even to our day. He did not hesitate to picture the coldness and selfishness of William of Orange. No American party newspaper is more inexorable in exposing the wrong-doing of rivals than was Mr. Lecky in pointing out the political corruption by which the act of Union was passed. This he did in his "History of the Eighteenth Century."

Probably his determination to give up the ministry cost the young student a mental struggle. He settled in London, giving himself up to historical and philosophical researches. Those who have read his books wonder how and where in the world he could find the rare and choice works from which he quotes, but I remember his telling me that he had an agent or correspondent in most of the large cities of Europe ever on the lookout for what he wanted in the book world, both explored and unexplored. Known in college as a voluminous and critical reader, with a prodigious memory, and already believed capable of great things, it was yet a surprise to the world when in 1865 his "History of the Spirit of Rationalism" appeared. Such a marvelous combination of erudition, acuteness, and insight was unusual even in the wonderful nineteenth century, and such books, in that generation at least (but not now), were almost certain to be "made in Germany." It was as though a Gibbon had arisen to tell the history of the empire of the mind. How grandly does Lecky picture the rise of great edifices of thought! How sublimely does he depict the eager and passionate energies of men, who, with a certain outlook on the universe, build mighty institutions which rise slowly to completion through long centuries and which they expect to last for an eternity. Then with what a tender pathos, what brother-like sympathy, does Lecky picture their decay and fall! All the time, with a wand that evokes the hidden harmonies of language, with a pencil that draws the true proportions of the story, and with a brush that lays on the potent witchery of color, he delights the reader. More truthful as well as more philosophical than Volney, he gave us a picture of ruins, invisible but real, of the empty shells of civilization in the fields of morals, religion, politics, and industry. Quickly reproduced in the United States and read in many editions, the "History of Rationalism" seemed to us students in college to be not only stimulating and informing, but suggested labor-saving tools of rare mechanism. He showed us how to study history, to master its immeasurable facts, and to condense its mighty mass into living philosophy.

It is probable that as the historian of "European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne" Mr. Lecky anchored his fame to the ages. There was another fresh and delightful surprise to the whole world when his brace of portly volumes appeared in 1869. The book showed the same philosophic grasp and the ease of an intellectual giant in handling

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mighty material. Quickly translated into German, it has become a text-book in the universities of the Fatherland.

I remember delightful days in far-off Japan, when, fresh from the press, his book on the "History of European Morals" reached me, carried over the mountains by Japanese runners. I read it amid the autumn glories and beautiful scenery of Echizen and the Japanese Mont Blanc in Kaga. Besides digesting the rich food of thought, I could not but liken the style to that of autumn ripeness and mellowness, and the legitimate rhetorical decoration seemed as brilliant as that of the gold and colors on a Kaga vase. With thousands of Americans, I own in Lecky a true intellectual teacher.

In his wonderful "History of the Eighteenth Century," in which I frankly confess I have felt less personal interest, many critics see Mr. Lecky's characteristic traits in even a greater degree than in his other works. In five of the twelve volumes (cabinet edition) he treats of Ireland. He did that special work in revolutionizing English feeling and opinion about the Irish which is akin to that of Carlyle in transforming British opinion about Cromwell. Many supposed from reading this book that Lecky was favorable to Home Rule, but the philosopher and the statesman, though "living under the same hat," as the Japanese say, are not single-eyed when it comes to action. His charming book on conduct and character, the "Map of Life," appeared in 1890, but before I had the pleasure of seeing him.

Being in London as delegate to the International Congregational Council, I dropped Mr. Lecky a note asking the privilege of a call. I was delightfully surprised to receive from him a hearty invitation to come and lunch with him. On one of those August London days spoken of as "dull but fine," I stepped out of my hansom in that beautiful part of the city, the West End, at 38 Onslow Gardens. After a moment's waiting in the parlor, I was ushered at once into Mr. Lecky's sitting-room, where, as it seemed, "forty centuries" of books looked down upon me. After a warm greeting, I was bidden to take an easy chair directly opposite to him. Then followed an hour's delightful chat. Mr. Lecky seemed highly interested in Japanese feudalism and renascence, in the movements of intellect in the Far East, and in American ideas and notions (I am afraid that he considers that the intellectual output on this side of the water is for the most part to be classed under the latter head). He was especially severe on the line of ideas exploited in a book which came out later, "The Puritan in England, Holland, and America." He seemed to be well pleased that his own works had been so widely read in America.

As he sat in the chair chatting so pleasantly, I hardly realized his stature, until he rose to invite me into the dining-room, where Mrs. Lecky and three other ladies, one a visitor from Holland, were standing. Then I saw that he was over six feet high, large-shouldered, but spare rather than portly, with a high forehead, his hair brushed back, a blond in appearance, and in the full power of intellectual manhood, being then in his fifty-fourth year.

Mr. Lecky's marriage was a very happy one, and my first impressions of Mrs. Lecky confirmed the pleasant reports I had heard about her as the intellectual companion of her husband. I can honestly say that the toothsome delights of the dainty and satisfying luncheon, and the tasteful equipment and service of the table, gave me a high idea also of her domestic abilities, while as a talker she was delightful. When thirty-three years of age, after his two great and, as I think, greatest books were out, he married Edith, daughter of Baron de Dedem, Lieutenant-General of the Dutch army; she was one of the maids-of-honor to Queen Sophia of the Netherlands, friend of our own Motley. To sit down by Mrs. Lecky was to laugh and talk with a scion of one of the oldest noble houses in Europe, for her ancestors were counts of full blood, rank, and castles before America was discovered. Indeed, the Countship of Bentheim was famous in A.D. 1369. Her fathers served in arms with Vauban and Marlborough, or as Dutch ambassadors to Turkey or Sweden. Indeed, if one looks up the illustrious

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story of the de Dedems, he will have a good deal of reading to do in Dutch history. But during that delightful hour Mrs. Lecky was simply the gracious hostess, talking English without perceptible accent, and evidently acquainted with a good many Americans of other sorts than those described in "Daisy Miller"—which I may say feelingly, for I lived nine years in Schenectady. In recent years Mrs. Lecky's pen has been effectively busy in molding British sympathies and opinions in the direction of the right treatment of Boer humanity. After lunch we had another chat on books, men, and countries for a half-hour, and then I took my leave.

Since that pleasant visit in 1891 Mr. Lecky has written "Democracy and Liberty," issued a volume of poems and a monograph on Gibbon, lectured on "The Influence of Imagination in History," and had titles and honors showered upon him. He has been made an honorary member of the Royal Academy, and a corresponding member of the Institute of France. At the time of the coronation he was one of the elect few among the literary men of Great Britain to receive honors from royalty. With an LL.D. from Trinity, St. Andrew's, and Glasgow, a D.C.L. from Oxford, and a Litt.Doc. from Cambridge, he was, as to degrees, a whole "faculty" in himself. If he had worn all his gowns, his costume would have reminded one of rainbows and orioles.

His call from scholarly seclusion to active public life came in 1895, through a by-election. When Mr. Plunkett was raised to the peerage, Mr. Lecky was sent to represent the University of Dublin, his Alma Mater, in Parliament, to oppose "sentimental politics," and, to the surprise of many, at the time of the division of the Liberal party, to become a Liberal-Unionist. Elected just as he was about completing his book on modern political theories and practice, "Democracy and Liberty," with the idea of illustrating "the advantage of such topies being occasionally discussed by writers who are wholly unconnected with practical politics," he was compelled to write a different preface than the one first intended for his great book Having already written defending university representation in general, and the representation of Dublin University in particular, it was not necessary to cancel the passage as a defense of his own position. After two years in Parliament, into which it was felt a new force had come, he was invited to sit in the Privy Council. The book man, now a party man, created both amusement and indignation when, in the preface of a minor writing, he declared that "the texture of Mr. Gladstone's intellect" was "commonplace." This, as his best admirers thought, was rather politics than literary criticism.

Mr. Lecky was not an optimist, nor did he share the views of the evolutionary school of historians, who are optimists by nature and of logical necessity. He did not believe in universal suffrage, or in general popular education—certainly not in the way that the stalwart Nonconformists who are bothering Mr. Balfour believe in it.

Mr. Lecky had a keen insight into American conditions. He believed that our written constitution (especially those clauses in it which secure personal liberty and limit the actual power of the government) prevents many evils which we suffer from becoming unbearable, and is our permanent safeguard. Naturally, therefore, he saw in the absence of similar checks on the British Parliament the greatest danger besetting Great Britain. He would mend, but not end, the House of Lords. A single omnipotent chamber, as in France, was to him the worst form of government on earth. Though a severe critic of American and British tendencies, he believed that the supremacy of the world's leadership is with the English-speaking nations. Mr. Lecky combined vast knowledge, the power of a seer, and the best of Anglo-Saxon common sense in all his work. It is that combination of sanity and brightness which made him the teacher of many millions. To the end his mental powers showed no signs of decay, and even led us to believe that he was still further to enrich what we may call the literature of helpfulness.

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NEGRO LIFE IN TWO GENERATIONS

The Observations of a Southern Farmer

BY WILLIAM BAXTER POE

I.—The Negro of Other Days

MOST of us make an error in the very beginning of our study of the negroes. We falsely assume that they are a homogeneous people, while, as a matter of fact, the numerous African tribes represented widely varying degrees of intelligence and of savagery or semi-civilization. The individual emigrants to this country exemplified these distinctions. Many of them had been slaves before coming to America; a few had been men of authority. A strangely tattooed negro woman who once lived in this community claimed to have been a princess. To indicate the contrasting types, it is enough to say that near my son's home are the ruins of a cabin in which a Guinea cannibal once lived, while a Wilmington (N. C.) slave who died a few years ago was found to be a good Arabic scholar and could speak several tribal languages.

None of the slaves on my father's farm came over directly from Africa, but there were numbers of this class still living at the close of the Civil War. Doubtless some still linger among us, for a century has not yet passed since the prohibition of the slave trade, and there was some smuggling after that time. While serving in the Confederate army in South Carolina, I saw old negroes who could not make themselves understood in English, and it is not reasonable to assume that they had been in America since 1808 without acquiring enough of our language to express simple thoughts. Most of the smuggled slaves were carried to the great plantations of the lower South.

When we consider how closely allied are liberty and literacy, *liber* (book) and *liber* (free), it is not surprising that there was generally not only absence of effort to educate the negro, but—especially after Abolition publications became plentiful—positive effort to keep him illiterate. Nevertheless, there were in our neighborhood a few slaves who could read and write, while against the background of general illiteracy there stands out with enhanced prominence the figure of John Chavis, a full-blooded negro but free-born, and one of the most remarkable characters in the educational history of North Carolina. He taught for a number of years in this and adjoining counties, dying while I was quite young. A regularly ordained minister of the white Presbyterian Church, he often held religious services for the whites until preaching by negroes was forbidden by law in 1828, and received support from the Presbytery after that time. He was educated at Princeton under Dr. Witherspoon, and was especially learned in Latin and Greek. The best white people of the State patronized his classical school. A Governor of North Carolina, reared a few miles from my home, was one of his pupils, as was also the Hon. Willie P. Mangum, President of the United States Senate in the '50's, and a noted contemporary of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. Chavis was opposed to the abolition of slavery.

The Baptists of central North Carolina also had a notable negro preacher, the Rev. Ralph Freeman, of whom I have often heard my father and mother speak. A coal-black Anson County slave, he was converted about the beginning of the last century, and gave evidence of such piety and eloquence that the denomination purchased his freedom and ordained him as a minister of the Gospel. He acquired some education, preached often to the whites, administered church ordinances, and, like Chavis, was received as a guest in the best white homes. It is unnecessary to

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say that negroes of like talent would not now be treated with such consideration, but this does not signify increased prejudice against the race. Then slavery stood as an immovable bar to social equality or intermarriage; now race purity must be safeguarded by other methods.

But, as I have said, the lives of these two negroes are made doubly striking by the great gulf fixed between them and their fellows. Not only were the negroes as a class illiterate; they were densely ignorant in the broader sense of that term. Superstition ran riot, and witchcraft or conjuring was regularly practiced. I remember that my great-uncle Thomas D——'s slaves would have nothing to do with my grandfather's slaves—dreaded them, in fact—because of the supposed ability of grandfather's slaves to put "spells" on those with whom they disagreed. Every neighborhood, however, had its "conjure doctor," who was supposed to remove the "spell" and fasten it on the enemy of the afflicted person. The palmiest days of this quackery came after emancipation. Before that time the master's property interests caused him to provide proper medical treatment for the blacks, but freedom unfettered their belief in magic, and for some years after the war the conjure doctor flourished like the Psalmist's green bay tree. Whatever the negro's ailment, he believed himself "tricked" and sought relief in incantations and magic mixtures rather than in skillful medical attention. To find on his doorstep a ball of hair wrapped about some strange roots or sticks was enough to set the average negro wild with fear.

Bob, one of my father's slaves, who was later a tenant on my farm, once consulted a conjure doctor, and Bob's wife afterward described the treatment given. First, two or three pots of water were put on the fire and some silver money put into the water to give it efficacy. The water was then poured into a barrel in which the patient bathed himself. At night a foot-poultice was made of rare herbs and weeds, and Bob was warned against allowing his naked foot to touch the floor until the "spell" should be removed. As a result of this treatment, the "witch" was expected to leave Bob and settle in a certain brush-pile near the house. The next night, therefore, Bob went out, torch in hand, walking backward as directed, to burn the brush-heap and destroy the witch. This was a delicate operation, but he finally completed it exactly according to the magic rules, and was rewarded by a complete recovery from his affliction. Bob once left his work at my sister's because a negro who disliked him put a strange mixture of feathers into the stove; and he is still careful to tear down every old bird's nest that he finds between his house and that of a neighbor, firmly believing that its remaining there would "break the peace" between the two families. Yet Bob is a negro of average intelligence, a good workman, and loyal to his "white folks"—that is, the family of his old master; when I was sick a few weeks ago, he left his work and came to see "Marse William."

I remember very distinctly when my father received the official notice of emancipation (I had just returned from the army). He called the negroes to the house, and told them that they were free. Some he hired to remain with him the rest of the crop season, but others wished to go away and drink to the lees their new-found cup of freedom. And well, too, do I remember the great negro meetings that followed, and the peculiarly appropriate refrain of their favorite hymn as they passed in groups each Sunday, "He has taken our feet from the miry clay."

It was as fortunate for the negroes as for the white owners of wasted and slaveless farms that for years after the Civil War cotton commanded abnormally high prices. But while this brought great prosperity to the newly enfranchised blacks, it also brought a constant stream of tricksters to share in that prosperity. That the "Yankees," the men who freed them, would ever take advantage of them, was to the negroes inconceivable; and unscrupulous adventurers speedily coined this childish confidence into substantial shekels. One man who came through my neighborhood secretly told the negroes that the Government had confiscated all the farms owned by white

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men and was preparing to give them away to ex-slaves. Each negro was asked to select one farm for his own. Incidentally, of course, he was required to pay a fee of $5 or $10 for drawing the deed and other papers which the Government was to forward in due season. People still tell the story of the receipt given to an illiterate negro by one of this tribe of sharpers: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so have I lifted the sum of $10 from this fool nigger." Charles D—— borrowed $5 from one of my tenants to pay for the deed to Farmville, one of the best river plantations in the county, but the alleged Government agent passed on to pastures new, and Charles never heard of him again. Charles died soon after, by the way, declaring with his dying breath that he had been conjured, and naming the negro sorceress responsible for his death.

II.—The Negro of To-Day

But not all of the sudden influx of wealth which high-priced cotton brought to the new sons of freedom was wasted on visionary schemes or vain display. In this community they began buying small farms, and if the pace then set had been maintained, the negroes would now own quite as large a proportion of the land as the whites own. But the price of cotton declined and the farms were mortgaged for supplies. "Time prices" were exorbitant, and the negro's reckless expenditures generally carried him deeper into debt year after year, so that the usual condition of the merchant's books at the end of the crop season has been pretty accurately set forth in the popular negro couplet:

"Naught's a naught, figger's a figger:—
All for the white man and none for the nigger."

Consequently, many of the negro farms have been abandoned and their former owners are now working as day-laborers for sawmills, railroads, etc., or wandering aimlessly from one job to another. A special census taken in Monroe, North Carolina, last year revealed the fact that only fifteen per cent. of the negroes were then in the same positions that they had the previous year. There are a considerable number of negro farmers, however, who have adopted improved methods and are winning a fair degree of success. I know one in my own neighborhood who is just now building one of the prettiest homes in the vicinity.

The most discouraging feature of the negro problem is the immorality, and especially the unchastity, of the race. The colored people of this community are not regarded as below the average in the moral scale, but a reckoning shows that there has been fornication or adultery in more than half the families. Fighting is also common, and within three miles of my house three negroes have been killed by other negroes within the last four years. Two of the slayers escaped and have never been heard of since, and the third fled, but later surrendered himself and is now serving a term in the penitentiary. Doubtless one or both of the other two criminals would have been captured but for the common failure of the negroes to co-operate with the officers of the law. Almost invariably they prefer to shield or harbor a criminal of their race rather than deliver him up for punishment.

Another error fruitful of grave results is the dissociation of religion and morality; for, as a Hampton Institute professor says, "the negro is very religious even when immoral." I heard recently of a negro in an eastern county who stole a suit of clothes to be baptized in. That the gods are little concerned about the relation of man to man was the savage African idea, and it seems to persist in the transplanted negro. I do not believe, with a Northern Republican who has now been in North Carolina six years, that "the more religious a negro is, the closer he must be watched;" for I observe that in the matter of a Northern man's feeling toward the negro, a few years' residence South often swings the pendulum too far in the opposite direction. But I do know that the negro preacher has a great work before him in teaching his followers that religion is something more than form and ceremony, and must bear worthy fruit in every-day life. So long as their emotional nature responds satisfactorily to the hypnotic

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influence of the preaching and shouting, the larger number trouble themselves little about their shortcomings in practical affairs. As the Rev. Orishatukeh Faduma, a native African preacher now located in a neighboring county, said in his address before the American Negro Academy last year: "Like other races in their childhood, the negro is a bundle of feelings. He is not driven to action because of a moral imperative, but he is controlled by his nerves. Neurotic environments appeal quickly to him, and are fostered in sermons which appeal largely to the imagination, in weird word-pictures, apocalyptic sermons, and by mystic preachers known as mourners, shouters, and visioners. . . . With the nerves as his guide, it is impossible to tell where he stands on many moral questions." My own opinion is that the negro is not so much *im*moral as *un*moral; that his lapses give greater evidence of an undeveloped moral consciousness than of a persistent violation of fixed moral principle.

The negro preachers, too, are often blind leaders of the blind, no less sinful than their flocks, and more desirous of the loaves and fishes than of genuine spiritual results. Booker Washington doubtless drew from life in his picture of the "call" received by one of the brethren: "This cotton-field's mighty big, this sun's mighty hot, and I believe, afore Gawd, I'm called to preach!" But the subject has its brighter side. While there are some negro ministers in this community who have wrecked homes by their immorality, I know others whose reputations are unblemished, and who "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way." And the last-named class seems to be steadily increasing.

In discussing negro education it may be said that I am "rushing in where angels fear to tread," but I should be unworthy the reader's confidence if I did not draw for him the thing as I see it. I believe that the negro should be educated, and that industrial education is what he most needs. But we must not overlook the fact that he has other shortcomings besides that of economic inefficiency. I cannot agree with that prominent Southern educator who told the Conference for Education in the South some time ago that the one aim to be kept in view is to make the negro a good workman. "The entire system of negro education," he said, "should be industrial. The saw and the plane and the anvil must take the place of history and geography. Nothing will bring the races together again but industrial skill and efficiency on the part of the negro." To me this indicates that in the reaction from exclusive literary training for the race there is grave danger of rushing from Scylla to Charybdis. We must guard against any kind of one-sided development, and bear in mind that the right ideal of negro education is twofold: to increase the negro's industrial efficiency and at the same time and with the same speed raise his standard of living.

Let us look the situation squarely in the face; for, as Booker Washington says, "I have great faith in the power and influence of facts; it is seldom that anything is permanently gained by holding back a fact." Eighty per cent. of the negroes I know—typical Southern farm negroes—live in one-room or two-room houses; have little furniture, and that little of the rudest kind; wear ragged clothes on working days and cheap finery on Sundays; eat poor food, and require few of the comforts and conveniences of twentieth-century civilization; as for literature and art, not one family in ten takes a paper, and not one in a thousand ever bought a picture. And this condition, I insist, is due, not to low earning capacity alone, but also to low ideals of living. Many of the negroes have a margin of income beyond what is necessary to maintain them in the manner just set forth, and in probably the majority of cases the surplus is spent, not for substantial comforts, not to remedy the deficiencies just suggested, but for showy finery, for fantastic bric-à-brac, for secret societies, for curious inventions that appeal to a childish, toy-loving spirit—and too often for intoxicating liquors.

Such a condition, I submit, is enough to indicate that the negro needs not only greater efficiency as a laborer, but worthier aspirations as a man. Hampton

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and Tuskegee have succeeded, and their graduates have prospered, not merely because they have made the negro a better workman, but because they have made him build a better home and live a worthier life. This is the kind of industrial education that we need.

The interests of the Southern white workman—whether farmer, mechanic, or day-laborer—are also involved in this matter. He needs protection against low-grade negro labor just as certainly as the unskilled Western man needs protection against low-grade Chinese labor. But we cannot "exclude" the negro if we wished to do so, and the South would not exclude him if it could. Therefore, as the lamented Dr. J. L. M. Curry so often said, "We must lift the black race up, or it will drag the white race down." The conviction grows on me that the only way for the unskilled Southern white man to avoid being dragged toward the economic level of the negro is to lift the negro nearer the white man's industrial ideals and standard of living.

The one great fact to be constantly kept in mind by all of us is that the negro is a child-race, and that his development is not a matter for hot-house methods, not a matter for one generation, but for the long, unhurried process of evolution. The mills of the gods grind slowly, and in the life of a race a century means little more than a day means to the individual. The men who thought that an Emancipation Proclamation or a Fifteenth Amendment would give to the negro what every other race has paid for by age-long effort, flew in the face of the eternal facts of nature. Now the whole country is coming to see what Henry Ward Beecher saw in 1865: "All the laws in the world cannot lift a man higher than the natural forces put him." And these "natural forces" with which we must deal are the product, not of years, but of æons; we must be content with slow results.

Therefore, in spite of all that has been said by prophets of evil, and in spite of some undeniably discouraging tendencies, I am not a pessimist. On the contrary, when I think of the negro savagery of two centuries ago and the slavery of two generations ago, the progress that we have made seems as great as could have been reasonably expected. The long result of time, I think, can be safely trusted to develop the best that is in this child-race and to maintain right relations between it and the superior race with whose destiny its own has been so strangely interwoven.

Unfortunately, that friendly tie, that close personal relationship, between former master and former slave binds together a steadily diminishing number of whites and blacks. But the average white man treats the average negro as kindly as ever; and with greater industrial efficiency and less unwholesome pretension on the part of the blacks, we may expect even better conditions. They are better now than the outside world believes. The black man and the white man, it is true, do not eat at the same table, drink from the same cup, travel in the same car, worship in the same church, or meet at any time on terms of social equality. But ninety per cent. of the negroes have never thought of this condition in any rebellious spirit, and are content that they have the white man's aid in business, his counsel in trouble, and his sympathy in misfortune. As to injustice in the courts, a remark recently made to me by one of the best-known attorneys in this State is worth repeating. "I have found," said he, "in my long experience as a lawyer, that in our civil suits a negro actually has the advantage over a white man—so desirous are our white juries of protecting the weaker race against any form of oppression by the stronger."

Only a few weeks ago, in Wilmington, North Carolina—the scene of the famous 1898 "revolution" against negro power in politics—six of the best-known white men acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of a faithful negro workman. This was one of those commonplace occurrences that illustrate the permanent good feeling between the races quite as forcibly as the "revolution" illustrated the temporary bad feeling. But, unfortunately, these kindly acts are not "news;" they are never recorded in the press despatches. I know of them, however, and it is of the every-day life of the two

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races that I speak when I say that the Southern white man does not hate the negro, is not even indifferent to him, but treats him kindly, and will treat him with even greater kindness as the white man's determination to resist social equality to the death obtains increasing recognition and acceptance among the would-be leaders of the blacks. The race sentiment of the South finds expression, not in the gleaming hatred of "The Leopard's Spots," nor in the passionate rantings of Senator Tillman, but in the calm and sober statement of Governor Charles B. Aycock, of North Carolina, at the opening of the Negro State Fair in 1901—and I cannot more fittingly close this paper than by quoting his words on that occasion: "No thoughtful, conservative, and upright Southerner has for your race aught but the kindest feeling, and we are all willing and anxious to see you grow into the highest citizenship of which you are capable, and we are willing to give our energies and best thought to aid you in the great work necessary to make you what you are capable of, and to assist you in that elevation of character and of virtue which tends to the strengthening of the State. But to do this it is absolutely necessary that each race should remain distinct and have a society of its own. Inside of your own race you can grow as large and broad and high as God permits, with the aid, the sympathy, and the encouragement of your white neighbors. If you can equal the white race in achievement, in scholarship, in literature, in art, in industry and commerce, you will find no generous-minded white man who will stand in your way. But all of them in the South will insist that you shall accomplish this high end without social intermingling; and this is well for you; it is well for us; it is necessary for the peace of our section."

Raleigh, North Carolina.

A Rondel

By Edwin Henry Keen

Echo is a timid maid,
  Does not dare to speak her mind;
  Flies away where none may find,
Hiding in the forest glade.

There she dwells, and, half afraid,
  Floats her answer on the wind;
Echo is a timid maid,
  Does not dare to speak her mind.

She will never be betrayed,
  For, alike to prince or hind,
  Faint, and sweet, and always kind,
She returns the word conveyed;
Echo is a timid maid.

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Packing Pears and Human Nature

By H. M. C.

FROM August 20 to September 1 there were twenty-four car-loads of Bartlett pears sent to different places in the United States and Europe by one firm and from one town in western New York. All those pears were wrapped in paper and packed in boxes. The wife of one of the firm is a friend of mine, and invited me to go with her one afternoon to the building where the pears were wrapped and packed. It was a sight well worth seeing. There were two rooms, probably sixty feet long by fifty wide. On each side of each room were bins eight or ten feet wide, nearly as long as the room. These were piled high with large Bartlett pears. All around these bins women and girls were standing, wrapping the pears and packing them in small boxes.

As we stood watching the busy fingers I said to my friend, "I believe I could do that." "Would you like to try?" she asked. "Yes, I would," I replied. Then began the search for a place; my friend asked a woman if she could stand along a little way. "What do you want?" she snapped. "I want to make room for one more." "Well, you can't get her in here. This place is full." Again and again she tried, with no better success. Then she noticed that only one girl stood at the end of a bin, and she took me there. She stood right in the middle and rather grudgingly moved along the least bit; but I had a place. My friend secured a box (I have wondered ever since how she did it) and some wrapping-paper, and then called the floor-walker to teach me how to wrap a pear.

Now, if any one imagines that wrapping a pear to make it look smooth and round at one end and pointed at the other end is an easy matter, just let him try it. The young lady told me how to place the pear in the paper, and how to fold the paper. It seemed easy when I saw her do it, and I thought I knew all about it and went to work. I tried again and again. Then I watched the girl at my left. "Can't you do it?" she asked, pleasantly. "No, I can't," I replied. "See," she said: "hold your paper so, place your pear so, then fold this way and that way, and you have it." I thanked her, tried again, and did it.

I was soon greatly interested in trying to fill my box as quickly as my neighbor, with eyes and mind intent upon my work, when all of a sudden the whole roomful made a rush for the door. And, oh, what a rush! Running, pushing, elbow-digging, anything to get along and get ahead. What could be the matter? Was the place on fire? I stood still, staring around, when a girl running past me shouted, "Come on, if you want any boxes." I grasped the idea and started, determined to see it all. When I got outside, a span of horses drawing a great wagon-load of empty boxes had just stopped. In an instant up went many hands. As they could reach only the bottom boxes, they pulled them out, and down tumbled the whole pile, hitting them on the head and shoulders. How they pushed and how they grabbed! In less than sixty seconds the wagon was empty, and the workers were marching back to their place with their booty. I managed to secure two boxes as they fell down upon me. "Didn't you get but two?" asked my neighbor. "No. That was all that I could get." "Well," she advised, "you must get out there quicker next time, and make a dive as soon as the wagon stops."

The whole thing had taken but a very few minutes, and again the workers were intent upon filling the boxes as quickly as possible. It was piece-work—four cents for the larger and two cents for the smaller boxes, and a few of the swiftest ones made about two dollars per day. I had to wait several times during the afternoon because I could not grab as many boxes as the rest. Some of my neighbors had boxes left over when the next load came. Think you they would

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give me a box? No favors were granted there.

Once during the afternoon I was working away diligently when suddenly my left-hand neighbor grabbed my bunch of wrapping-paper, and a lively tilt went on between her and a woman who had sneaked up to snatch my paper. I learned then that the manager had run out of paper and it might be some minutes before a fresh supply came. As my neighbor laid the paper back, she remarked: "If it hadn't been for me you'd have lost the whole of it. You've just got to keep your eyes open and look out for yourself, or you won't earn your salt." She had an eye to business, for in a few minutes she had used all her paper, and of course I loaned her half of mine.

The next afternoon I went again. As I began to work I wondered what was the matter. Every one talking—no one hurrying—some were even eating pears. The floor-walker came around and told me to lay the pears in rows and make them look extra fine. I did as I was instructed, and worked as fast as I could. Presently my neighbor said, "You needn't hurry so fast. The rest of us are not going to." "The more boxes I fill, the more money I get," I threw out as a leader. "Oh, they don't pay by the box now. We're paid by the day. One dollar a day." Paid by the day—that was the cause of all this change. I was not surprised when a moment later one of the girls offered me her last box. Neither was I surprised to see each one waiting for the boxes to be brought to them. The firm tried paying by the day because they were anxious that the work should be done extra well; but they were obliged to go back to piecework, for they found that they could not afford to pay by the day.

Selfishness, I said to myself, is at the bottom of all the trouble between capital and labor; each side working for its own interest, caring not the least bit whether the other side has profit or loss.

The United States Navy and Peace

By George Grafton Wilson

Professor in Brown University and Lecturer in International Law, United States Naval War College

THERE may at times be reason for righteous indignation and for the action which naturally follows. This is a proposition which is denied by few even of the extreme advocates of peace. There still seem to be some cases both in individual and in international relations which cannot wait on the slow process of the courts. Certainly at the present time the state of civilization seems to call occasionally for the strong arm of force, whether for the relief of legations besieged and deprived of the rights and privileges which have from early international intercourse attached to their office, or for the relief of Christian missionaries in the hands of pagan mobs. Nations must sometimes act with force when other means fail. At such times adequate armaments are necessary even for the preservation of peace.

The general object of war has been defined for the navy of the United States, in General Order 551, as being "to procure the complete submission of the enemy at the earliest possible period, with the least expenditure of life and property." The old idea of war has for the military forces of the United States long been obsolete. Neither the army nor the navy may inflict indiscriminate damage upon the enemy.

The issue of General Order 100 by the War Department of the United States in April, 1863, is a mark of the advanced position which this Government has taken. This order contains the "Instructions for the Government of Armies of the United States in the Field." It is the most humane and just code of rules for land warfare that had appeared, and was the forerunner of numerous codes which have done much to make war a fair contest and to put an end to the old idea that "all is fair in war," whatever may still be the attitude toward the other form of rivalry

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to which that rule of "all is fair" was supposed to apply. This code for land warfare, prepared by the distinguished writer upon political subjects, Dr. Francis Lieber, was followed by the Geneva Convention for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Wounded in War in 1864, by the Declaration of Brussels in 1874, by the Oxford Resolutions in 1880, and by the Laws and Customs of War upon Land which the Hague Conference signed in 1899, and which the United States subsequently adopted. This very Conference acknowledges that "while seeking to preserve peace and prevent armed conflicts among nations, it is likewise necessary to have regard to cases where an appeal to arms may be caused by events which their solicitude could not avert." The rules issued by the United States a generation before bear most favorable comparison with this late codification, even though the rules issued by the United States were prepared at a time when the actual stress of war was upon the Government and the war spirit was abroad in the land.

As in the advanced position in regard to land warfare, so in its position in regard to naval warfare, the United States can claim that it has not been reluctant to make known to those who may care to know that this Government proposes that its forces, if called upon to fight, shall fight fairly and that "all things are not fair." In 1899 the Secretary of the Navy called upon Captain C. H. Stockton, at the time President of the Naval War College at Newport, to prepare a code for the use of the navy along the lines laid down by Lieber in the Instructions to the Army. Captain Stockton immediately entered upon this work, seeking the advice and co-operation of others interested in such matters, including men both within and without the service of the Government. In this work of preparation it was distinctly stated to those who were called upon to advise that "it is hoped that this code will tend toward the amelioration of the hardships of naval warfare in general." The code that was prepared was issued as General Orders No. 551 of the Navy Department, June 27, 1900, and bears the title, "The Laws and Usages of War at Sea: a Naval War Code for the Use of the United States Navy." This is significant as the first attempt to codify and issue under government sanction such a code. Many matters which were not considered at the Hague Conference, and some that were considered and upon which the Conference expressed the wish that they be referred to another Conference, were settled, so far as the navy of this Nation is concerned, in this Code adopted by the United States. The Hague Conference expressed the wish that "the proposition of regulating the question of bombardment of ports, cities, or villages by a naval force should be referred to another Conference." The Naval War Code of the United States provides: "The bombardment, by a naval force, of unfortified and undefended towns, villages, or buildings is forbidden," except when incidental to an attack upon fortified places or because of refusal to furnish reasonable requisitions at the time necessary for the naval forces. The Code forbids the doing of any act "that would make the return to peace unnecessarily difficult." It declares further that "the United States of America acknowledge and protect, in hostile countries occupied by their forces, religion and morality; the persons of the inhabitants, especially those of women; and the sacredness of domestic relations. Offenses to the contrary shall be rigorously punished." The humane provisions for the treatment of hospital ships and those engaged in the rescue and care of the shipwrecked, sick, and wounded were adopted in the Code even before the Government adopted the similar provisions of the Hague Conference. One of the methods of naval warfare that has received sanction in earlier years is that of the use of false colors in order to deceive an enemy. This use of a neutral flag by an enemy, while condemned by many, has for years found so many supporters that no nation has felt safe or dared to forbid the practice. It has been held that it was permissible to use a neutral flag, the emblem which is supposed to be sacred, in order to steal upon an enemy in the guise of a friend. The Naval War Code of the United States proclaims: "The use of false

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colors in war is forbidden, and when summoning a vessel to lie to, or before firing a gun in action, the national colors should be displayed by vessels of the United States." No one can read this Code for the Use of the United States Navy without feeling that the aim of the Code is a fair and honorable contest if there must be a contest, and an honorable and speedy peace. The rules thus prescribed for the use of the navy are such as would justify action in accordance with them before the courts of the world or before the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. Their spirit of fairness and straightforwardness corresponds with the spirit of our diplomacy, which in recent years has done so much to raise the tone of that branch of international relationship.

Equally remarkable with the spirit of the rules governing naval warfare is the repeal of the laws relating to the distribution of prize money in cases of naval capture. By an Act of the Fifty-fifth Congress in 1899, "all provisions of law authorizing the distribution among captors of the whole or any part of the proceeds of vessels, or any property hereafter captured, condemned as prize, or providing for the payment of bounty for the sinking or destruction of vessels of the enemy hereafter occurring in time of war, are hereby repealed." It has been the general practice to distribute the whole or a part of the proceeds of maritime capture among the captors. The leading nations of the world still have provisions in their laws for such distribution. In England the Crown, however, reserves the right to decide what interest the captors have in the prize. The United States here again takes an advanced position, putting an end to the implication that the naval officer may be influenced by the hope of personal gain rather than by the necessities of war in making a capture. None approve more heartily of this law which abolishes prize money than do the naval officers themselves.

The Naval War Code and the repeal of the laws in regard to prize money alike indicate that the United States proposes to conduct naval warfare, which has hitherto been less restricted by law than warfare upon land, in accord with the most advanced principles of right and justice, which is the policy which will be most conducive to peace. This Nation will be as one whose cause is fair and who does not fear the just judge. For those cases which will not wait for arbitration or other peaceful settlement, honorable war waged upon principles recognized as fully sanctioned will be the resort. This fair and open attitude in itself furthers peace, as does the diplomacy based on the "golden rule."

Even just laws are not sufficient in international relations, any more than in the affairs of a local State. Behind the laws must be the power to enforce the laws with certain justice and celerity. To the navy belongs the enforcement of international obligations which peaceful means cannot secure, and the protection of national rights in remote parts of the world. Often, however, the fact that the Nation can enforce its rights is sufficient to make those rights secure in foreign nations. From the very nature of the case, the preparation for such enforcement cannot be made by the navy in a short time. A modern battle-ship cannot be purchased ready made. Modern guns require time for construction and time in which to learn to use them in the most effective manner. The immense knowledge in various lines that is needed for the handling of a modern battle-ship can, in a rough way, be judged when it is thought of as a great instrument of war, equipped with the most powerful engines for propulsion and the most destructive guns, in the management of which electricity and other means of generating power are used—an instrument of war valued at $7,000,000 and demanding of its commander, not merely knowledge of its own construction and control, but also a knowledge of the power, resources, position, and probable action of the enemy, as well as the laws within which his action may be justifiable before his own nation and the nations of the world. It would not be strange should the naval officer in command of the modern ship of war dread the uncertainties of a battle, when his responsibilities are so serious. The

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officer must be prepared, however, and must keep abreast of the rapid progress in the development of all that pertains to naval warfare, for within the term of service of some of the officers now in the United States navy the means of naval warfare have undergone the greatest changes, even passing from the old sailing ship with its wooden sides to the modern steel machine propelled by the great engines and responding in its movements to the touch of an electric button upon the bridge.

When such responsibilities are placed upon naval officers, it is easy to understand why Rear-Admiral Luce, in the annual address at the opening of the Naval War College at Newport, June 2, 1903, said that the maxim, "War is the best school of war," "is one of those dangerous and delusive sayings that contain just enough truth to secure currency. He who waits for war to learn his profession often acquires it at a frightful cost of human life." Speaking of the Naval War College itself, he says: "It is an instrumentality for the prevention of war by being prepared for it. It is right here that the College joins hands with the Universal Peace Societies. To be prepared for war is the rôle of that naval strategy which belongs to the period of peace. To be in the right place at the right time, and with adequate force, means success by checkmating your adversary in the first few moves. Campaigns have been won without firing a shot by skillful strategic movements." "Every right-minded person must unite with the Church in praying to be delivered from 'battle and murder and sudden death.' We all sincerely hope that arbitration may ultimately prove the sovereign panacea for the great curse of war; and that the doors of the Temple of Janus may be forever closed." If war arises, the navy has its function. To be prepared to perform this function most effectively is the surest guarantee that the war will not arise, or, having arisen, at least will not be prolonged, or, in other words, that the periods of peace will be lengthened.

Nor is the temper of the naval officer of the United States a belligerent one. No better proof of this could be afforded than in those despatches which were sent at the time of the destruction of the Maine in Havana Harbor. These sound none of the warlike tones that came from the halls of legislation, from the press of the country, and even from the pulpits. The first despatch reads:

> Tell Admiral Maine blown up and destroyed. Send lighthouse tenders. Many killed and wounded. Don't send war vessels if others available. SIGSBEE.

The second despatch of the following day, February 16, 1898, contains that injunction that stood for sanity and peace under a strain that must have prompted for war. These words should be remembered as those of the officer whose ship had been blown up at a time when the relations between his own and the country in which the event occurred were greatly strained. They were:

> Public opinion should be suspended until further report. SIGSBEE.

With a Naval War Code that stands for fairness and humanity, with the elimination of a hope of personal gain from capture of prizes, with a well-equipped navy in the way of modern ships, with a Naval War College that stands for the most complete and advanced preparation of the officer for his serious responsibilities, and with a personnel upon the ships that stands for the highest ideals of honorable conduct, the citizens of the United States can rest assured that their navy is one of the greatest conservators of peace.

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Melchizedek's Day

By Nora Archibald Smith

WHEN does the day begin—not nature's day, but the human day? Is it not born in the darkness which foreshadowed it, and did not "the evening and the morning" make that wonderful first day of the mighty universe in process of formation?

Little Melchizedek's day—little Melchizedek of 999 Babel Street—certainly had the night for a preface; and a most confused and confusing preface it was, one which you would rather skip if you could, and which, if you were obliged to take it up, would dispose you very ill towards whatever was to follow.

Melchizedek resided, when he was at home, which was as little as he could help, in a "dumb-bell flat" possessing three rooms, the front one reasonably light and the bedchamber giving by a narrow window on what is sometimes humorously termed the "bad-air shaft." His mother and father, his elder brothers, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; his sisters, Sarai, Zillah, and Milcah; Jehoshaphat, the big baby, and Abraham the little one, all dwelt in the flat; and if there had been any more of the family, no doubt they would have tarried there also.

Melchizedek usually retired about ten o'clock, if nothing of an exciting nature happened to be going on in Babel Street; but on this night he couldn't manage it, as his parents had company and the chairs were all in use. You don't see what the chairs have to do with it? No, but perhaps you would if you lived in a dumb-bell flat with the usual number of parents and assorted sizes of brothers and sisters.

The guests finally went home, which even undesirable ones are sure to do if you wait long enough; and Melchizedek's mother set two chairs against the wall in the room with the bad-air shaft, hastily took in the bedding from the fire-escape, and improvised the usual couch, which the child as usual proceeded to occupy. Then she and his father and the big baby and the little one sought their own bed, which was in the same room and not so far away that there could be any excuse for timidity in the night, and gentle Peace fluttered her dove-like wings and settled down upon the family. At least she fluttered them and endeavored to settle down, but she found after a few moments' effort that the nest was all too hard a one even for her, and dejectedly took her flight uptown. Melchizedek's family was quiet enough and tired enough to sleep, but there happened to be a sick child across the bad-air shaft, and the architect of the tenement had cleverly arranged it so that the rows of windows on each side should be exactly opposite each other, thus fostering a thoroughly communistic exchange of noises, smells, and language. If this had been his ideal, he had attained it with a completeness rarely vouchsafed to man in an imperfect world, and the moans of the small sufferer in No. 997 were quite as audible in 999 as if they had come from the kitchen.

Suddenly, with blowing of whistles, ringing of bells, gallop of horses, rattle of wheels, shouts of boys, and tramp of following feet, a fire-engine and hook-and-ladder company rushed like a Dakota cyclone through Babel Street, and a few moments' attention to the tumult was imperatively necessary, since, if the fire should prove to be in one's own tenement, one might as well begin promptly to say farewell to one's family. No; the noise died out, and, with a sigh, Melchizedek composed himself to slumber. He was drawing his first long breath when a beam of light and a flutter, rustle, and creak from the front room announced that his sisters were returning from a meeting of the Daughters of Heth, and were letting down their folding bed. Some disposition to whimper appearing in Melchizedek at this point, he was bidden to be quiet and go to sleep like a good boy, which apparently hopeless task he finally accomplished, mixing with his dreams a good deal of the con-

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fusion produced by the arrival of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who had returned rather late from a stormy business session of the Sons of Belial and were arranging their couches in the kitchen.

By this time rosy morn had glanced at her timepiece and decided that it was hardly safe to turn over for another snooze, and before long the milk and early vegetable carts began to clatter over the hard and slippery cobblestones thoughtfully provided by a paternal government lest any one oversleep and miss his daily task. Melchizedek, who had unconsciously been holding himself to his chairs all night, distinctly did not "come out of the azure," as Emerson advised, when he presented himself in the breakfast-room, and gave small sign either of "loving the day" or of loving anything or anybody else.

The older birds having already left the nest, and the younger ones betraying a tendency to squabble therein, Melchizedek, wise beyond his years, concluded to take his meal below in the street, and departed with his bread and butter for that "great Preparatory Establishment" from which so many pupils of his degree are graduated. The Establishment was very much crowded even at this comparatively early hour, and lessons in various branches of learning were going on at every corner, while the older pupils were setting copies which the younger with ardor and enthusiasm addressed themselves to follow. A part of the oral instruction was, perhaps not unfortunately, inaudible in the general whirl and rush of sound.

A building was being torn down across the way, and the crash of bricks, thud of timbers, and shouts of workmen issued from a haze of flying mortar; the whir of sewing-machines sounded from countless small tailoring establishments and sweat-shops, and the push-carts were settling into place along the curbstone for the day's marketing with considerable altercation and squabble as to choice locations.

Glancing bird-like hither and yon at so many brilliant and bewildering sights, Melchizedek's bright black eyes took in a new impression with each second—impressions which his preternaturally active brain could hardly keep up with, impressions which forced away the idea of breakfast until the bread and butter had been liberally powdered with brick-dust as well as with flying ashes from a street-cleaning cart. The sandwich thus improvised had rather a gritty taste, more agreeable perhaps to a domestic fowl than to a small boy, but Melchizedek swallowed it hastily as he dashed off to the kindergarten, lightly leaping over an old mattress, an umbrella-frame, and a heap of potato-peelings in front of his home, and tarrying a moment longingly by a pickle-barrow at the corner where fat green cucumbers wallowed in buckets of vinegar. If it had been in the child's mind that the pickle-vender might bestow upon him a sample of his wares to allay the thirst engendered by the ashes, he was soon undeceived, for it was not the tradesman's benevolent morning, and, when you come to think of it, why should you expect to get the milk of human kindness at a mart where vinegar is dispensed?

By this time the sidewalk began to echo with the tread of small feet, and short legs of every grade of thinness and fatness began laboriously to climb the kindergarten steps. The majority were hurrying, naturally enough, as everybody in the street was hurrying, and, haste as you might, you could hardly expect to keep up with the procession. Even Melchizedek, who was by no means an unkind child by nature, gave the girl-baby in front of him a shove and impatiently commanded her to "get a move on," a command which she promptly obeyed head first, communicating the impetus she had received to the row of children in front, and tumbling them into the dressing-room like a set of falling ninepins.

Into this scene of confusion whirled like a dragon-fly the kindergartner, pretty, quick, alert, nervous, settling on a flower here, a flower there, and off to another before you could wink; vivacious—let Melchizedek's cerebral processes answer how vivacious, and restless as a squirrel in a wheel. The guardian angels of the little flock, whose snowy wings were sadly worn with unceasing efforts to shield the eyes of their

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charges from undesirable sights and to stop their ears from undesirable sounds, sadly shook their lovely heads as the dragon-fly whirled hither and yon, and murmured one to the other, as they had often done before, "Oh, if we might have had some peaceful, reposeful, cushiony person here, had she been never so dull and slow-witted! Better a thousand times even the calm that comes from dullness for our babies than this electric, overcharged atmosphere."

Miss Dragon-fly was an enthusiast—perhaps one might better say a fanatic—regarding freedom and spontaneity, and she had never stopped whirring long enough to consider that the highest kind of freedom has never been realized in a community where everybody does as he likes, and that Jeremiah's spontaneity in his corner is considerably restricted if Jehoiachim's spontaneity froths all over his own seat and fills up his neighbor's with foam.

Let us be just and confess that one and one-half second's quiet obtained when the morning circle was first formed and that same gentle Peace who had fluttered away from Babel Street the previous night felt it from her resting-place in Central Park and prepared to return; yet she had hardly raised her wings when the kindergartner brightly, quickly, with much dilating of speaking eyes and play of expressive features, cried out, "And now, my darlings, you shall sing whatever you like, and let me see who will tell me his choice first!"

A clamor as on the floor of a miniature Stock Exchange immediately broke out, but Melchizedek, who had a voice like a brazen trumpet, much strengthened by hallooing to his mother above from the sidewalk below, was at length heard amid the din shouting for—

"Let your hands go clap, clap, clap;
Let your feet go tramp, tramp, tramp;
Let your finger beckon me,
My dear (Somebody, Anybody), dance with me!"

This selection met with great approval, and the game proceeded amid a hail-storm of claps and such spontaneity in tramps that the janitor below involuntarily thought of early experiences in Texas and a stampede of wild cattle. Following the dancing, heated appeals were made for a flag-song in which the banner was cheered with hysterical loyalty; and then there was a weaving play in which a line of children ran breathlessly in and out through the arched arms of their companions. One might have supposed that sheer physical exhaustion would now have demanded calmness and quiet; but, the appointed moment for rhythmical exercises having arrived, the dragon-fly led her train of admiring imitators in many a swoop and airy whirl about the room and in among the chairs and tables.

Perhaps bread and butter, even supplemented by ashes and brick-dust, is not sufficiently strengthening for so strenuous a morning, for Melchizedek felt a sinking of his small stomach as he took his seat, and promptly avenged it by knocking over the erection of his neighbor's blocks when she chanced to be looking another way. How free and spontaneous was this block exercise, how gayly rang question and answer, sally and repartee! The children who were "investigating the possibilities of the material" by using their cubes as battering-rams were only excelled in noise by the babies in the corner who were experimenting in similar fashion with their clay, slapping it incessantly with a sound like a flail upon a threshing-floor. Hear yourself think? Certainly not; thinking seemed to form no part of the dragon-fly's curriculum. Reeling and writhing and fainting in coils like the mock turtle in "Alice in Wonderland" were much more in her line.

But the golden morning was slipping away; the hour when the whirlpool of the streets must again engulf these tiny human atoms was fast approaching. Would there not, perhaps, be one moment at play-time when quiet would reign at least long enough to allow one to decide at leisure upon one's favorite game? No; as the unjust judge in the Scriptures granted her desires to the widow because of her much speaking, so Melchizedek again imposed his will upon the kindergartner, and play-time opened with a spirited representation of a street fire and the hurrying of an engine and hook-

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and-ladder company to the rescue. Even the dragon-fly saw that liberty had donned a red cap and was beginning to dance the Carmagnole when this game was finished, and herself suggested—ah! spirit of spontaneity, how didst thou blush and hide thy face!—herself suggested that "Fly, Little Bird" should follow. And so the games went on, vaulting like an equilibrist with a leaping-pole from fire-engines to birds, from brooks to blacksmiths, tarrying nowhere long, and leaving a mental impression kaleidoscopic as the sights at a county fair. The children by this time showed unmistakable signs of nervous prostration, but the young kindergartner, gallant if mistaken adherent of a pernicious theory, still whirled and glanced and darted, and her followers, restless and excited, feeling rather than seeing her flushed cheeks and slightly trembling hands, responded to every quiver of her overwrought nerves.

Twelve o'clock rang in the bells and shrieked in the whistles of a myriad mills and factories, and Melchizedek, too tired to know that he was tired, returned to the street with his companions. The morning had gone, the opportunity had passed, the only hours in the whole round of twenty-four when silence might have come to heal the blows of sound had been allowed to slip away, and the poor dragon-fly, gasping and exhausted, reviewed her work and wondered if she had been sufficiently brilliant, vivacious, and entertaining.

Ah! it is the old despairing cry over again—had she but known! Could she but have visited another garden of babies just around the corner and seen the sweet serenity that reigned there, felt the peace of the atmosphere, heard the young voices soft as the babble of a brook, and realized that the dingy room was a very Ark of the Sanctuary to these poor little wandering Israelites. Had she but known!

Melchizedek and his fellows stepped into the midst of an underwood of push-carts ranged along the sidewalk and into a forest of buyers—bewigged old women fingering stuff, blowsy matrons cheapening vegetables, and dusky-eyed young girls looking at cheap jewelry. They arrived, too, at the dramatic moment of a difficulty between a fruit-peddler and a policeman, cause of conflict not clear, but public sympathy wholly on the side of the peddler. A street-cleaning cart coming up while the injured fruiterer was still shouting and gesticulating gave his barrow an unexpected but perhaps not unintended shove, and over tumbled the apples and oranges into the gutter.

The Needle's Eye would have been easier to pass through than the street at this moment, but Melchizedek's experience enabled him to thread it successfully, and he ran into his own back yard, intending to call to his mother and inquire about dinner. The maternal head could be seen plainly enough in the window, the amplitude of the maternal bosom rested on the ledge, and the maternal arms were flourishing and threatening while their owner fought with the lady next door over a certain vested and proprietary right in the clothes-lines at that hour and upon that day. The blood of all her ancestors was up; she cried Aha! like the war-horse, and snuffed the battle. Useless to try to attract her attention—useless to—but what unearthly cry sounded in Melchizedek's ear? why did he, even he, inured from infancy to discordant sounds, leap into the air as he heard it? Peace, foolish child, the neighbors laugh at thee; it is but the ragman plying his peaceful trade and crying out in Yiddish, in notes like unto the quintessence of a thousand nocturnal cat-fights, his unquenchable longing to purchase cast-off clothing.

Was there an interval of quiet between dinner, which finally appeared, and the close of the afternoon session in the public schools? No; for during this interval Melchizedek and the two babies, Jehoshaphat and Abraham, played on the sidewalk amid the empty ash-cans and garbage-pails which had not yet been retired from public view, and there was a constant stream of passing drays and carts, the thumping and rattling of horse-cars with flattened wheels on ill-joined rails, and at least two pretty quarrels due to blocks in the narrow street. These were bloodless, but attended by volleys of oaths like the

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rattle of musketry, the visible appearance of blue flames and the smell of sulphur.

Who could be dull or mope in such surroundings? Surely not little Melchizedek; and he merrily passed the time until, at four o'clock, shouts as of an army with banners filled the air and the children came from school, crowding the sidewalks like a swarm of locusts.

Then, indeed, the Restoration of Jerusalem prophesied by Zechariah might have been supposed to have begun, for "the streets of the city were full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." A hurdy-gurdy appeared, and little girls pirouetted and swung about in each other's arms in every vacant space; certain young Dives purchased ice-cream sandwiches and ate them under the envious eyes of the entire Lazarus family; others, less favored, munched the rings of biscuit that slide, fly-blown and spotted, up and down the sticks of the street venders; babies were tumbled over and tipped into the gutter and besieged high Heaven with their cries; and, magnetized by the general gayety, mothers in Israel appeared in their doorways and shriekingly passed the time of day with their neighbors.

Gray-bearded patriarchs, with bags over their shoulders, poked about at corners for fluttering bits of paper, and here and there young Love, somewhat swaggering, shock-headed, and pimply on the part of the males and overdressed and underwashed on the part of the females, held sweet converse in sequestered alleys. There was a swirl, a rush, a constant movement, a buzz, a hum, a din, a boiling as in the waters where a torrent dashes down; no one seemed to complete any single undertaking, either of business or pleasure, for everybody else's business and pleasure were too engrossingly near at hand and apparently too interesting.

Oh, how bitter for poor Melchizedek to be haled by the maternal hand upstairs to supper; how sweet to tumble down again into the shine of the lights, the gayety of corner groceries, and the glitter of saloon windows!

Yet all days, even such bewildering days as these, must end, and stray thoughts of his chair-bed had begun to enter the child's mind, when a rush of the crowd to the corner and the sound of shouting announced a new excitement. Discovered to be a fight between two rival organizations of the neighborhood, the "Hell's Kitchen Gang" and the "Big Block Bunch," it was watched with ardent interest, though windows were shattered now and then by flying stones, doors were scarred, and passers-by had their hats smashed. The center of the fight appeared to be directly in front of 999 Babel Street, probably a hundred lads being mixed up in it, and the dogs of war bayed to so terrific an extent that bed was not to be thought of for a moment. One lone policeman appeared, shouted inaudible commands, waved an invisible club, and retired in good order to summon assistance. Anon appeared the reserves from the Pandemonium Station near by, and the fighting gangs retreated, the boys dropping out through the side streets and melting away "like snaw when it's thaw."

In the comparative quiet that followed, Melchizedek stumbled up his dark and narrow stairway, and on his unstable and uneasy chairs rode, through the remaining hours of the night, a gigantic mare whose head was as the glancing head of a dragon-fly, and whose iron hoofs thundered on, thundered on through his brain until the light of morning dawned.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

After Prison—What? By Maud Ballington Booth. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 250 pages. $1.25, net.

This account of Mrs. Booth's experiences in her prison work is also an optimistic appeal for that work. As a writer the author has not the charm which she has possessed as a speaker.

Alien Immigrant (The). By Major W. Evans-Gordon, M.P. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 323 pages. $1.50, net.

This volume on England's immigration problem is almost as valuable here as there, because our problem is the same in kind and far greater in magnitude. It is chiefly the new Jewish immigration with which England is concerned, and the pressure of Jewish competition in London is hardly comparable with that of New York, where the city directory shows as many Greenbergs as Greens, and twice as many Cohens as Clarks. The author describes with care not only the conditions of the Jewish community in London, but at much greater length the conditions in the countries from which the immigrants come. We have seen nothing else on this subject that is nearly as good.

Alphabet of Rhetoric, with a Chapter on Elocution (The). By Rossiter Johnson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 368 pages. $1.25, net.

Apocryphal and Legendary Life of Christ (The). By James De Quincey Donehoo, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 531 pages. $2.50, net.

A revived interest in the mass of fiction included under this title is attested by several recent brief collections of it. Be it mainly fictitious, be much of it puerile or preposterous, as it is, it testifies to the immense impression made upon men's imaginations by a wonderful life. For the student of literature, or art, or of the Catholic theology, it is still important for the influence it has exerted on these. The amount of it is, or was, prodigious. Mr. Donehoo enumerates sixty-five "main sources," and forty-seven lost or fragmentary documents more or less known by tradition. It is a work of vast labor that he has undertaken in weaving all this material into a continuous story in its original words, with the foot-notes requisite to justify and explain the text. The combination in the text of two or more documents has the undeniable advantage of condensation; conflicting accounts are so presented as to make the text fairly consistent throughout. Much of this appears now for the first time in English. As giving a comprehensive and orderly view of this field of literature Mr. Donehoo's work is unique. That it is interesting is indisputable, and though comparatively very little of reliable tradition concerning Jesus is contained in it, it is by no means in the same degree unprofitable.

At the Fall of Montreal. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated. (Colonial Series.) Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.12, net.

Aus dem deutschen Dichterwald: Favorite German Poems. Edited by J. H. Dillard. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 206 pages.

Baby Days: A New Selection of Songs, Stories, and Pictures for Very Little Folks. 300 Illustrations. The Century Co., New York. 7×9½ in. 192 pages. $1.50.

This new edition of a book that has delighted thousands of children contains many new stories and jingles.

Baldwin Speller (The). By S. R. Shear, Assisted by Margaret T. Lynch. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 128 pages.

Battle of Kadesh (The). By James Henry Breasted. (Decennial Publications, Reprint from Vol. V.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8½×11 in. 126 pages. 75c., net.

Bethsaida: A Story of the Time of Christ. By Malcolm Dearborn. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 301 pages. $1.50.

Bible in Browning (The): With Particular Reference to The Ring and the Book. By Minnie Gresham Machen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 290 pages. $1.50.

There have been many studies of the influence of the Bible on the best English writers; one of the most recent of these being Dr. van Dyke's careful study of Tennyson's use of the Bible. This volume deals with the influence of the Bible on Robert Browning, and is a careful study of the whole subject. The first part of the book is an interpretation of Browning, largely in the light of Biblical ideas; the second part contains a copious collection, filling nearly two hundred pages, of passages from Browning with corresponding Scriptural passages, the former being taken for the most part from "The Ring and the Book." The volume is made more valuable by a complete list of Scriptural quotations and allusions from "The Ring and the Book" and by an index.

Bible Stories for Children. By Sarah E. Dawes. Illustrated. (Children's Favorite Classics.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 366 pages. 60c.

The Bible narrative is closely followed, and the stories are told simply and unaffectedly.

Brazen Calf (The). By James L. Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 323 pages. $1.50.

A series of satirical chapters, evidently prepared and used in the first place as newspaper articles. They attack the vulgarity,

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money-worship, and snobbishness of much of so-called society in and about New York. Sometimes the irony is biting and the wit clever; sometimes one feels that the author is drawing out his material too thinly and that he could have said all he has to say in half the space.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged under the Supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt.D. Vol. II. D-G. The Macmillan Co., New York. 9×11½ in. 292 pages. $6.

This volume combines the excellences and defects of its predecessor, on which we have already commented.

Careers of Danger and Daring. By Cleveland Moffett. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 419 pages. $1.50.

An interesting book with a title that at once holds the attention. It tells how thousands of men—the steeple-climber, the pilot, the bridge-builder, the city fireman, the locomotive engineer, and others—calmly and coolly perform heroic deeds day after day. What distinguishes them from their fellow-men is that they have established the habit of courage, and, as the author says: "Perhaps these humble heroes whose lives we have glanced at may give us a bit of their spirit, . . . and perhaps we too may feel impelled to cultivate the habit of courage."

Cherry. By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 179 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Children Who Ran Away (The). By Evelyn Sharp. Illustrations. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 319 pages. $1.50.

Two lively English children run away from a guardian they have never seen, and meet with adventures comical, uncomfortable, and greatly unexpected.

Christ Story (The). By Eva March Tappan. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 416 pages. $1.50, net.

This is an excellent gift-book for children who have learned to read a simple narrative. The Gospel story is given in good literary form, and in its requisite local setting, with suitable descriptions of the country, the people, and the customs of the time.

Cicero, The Tusculan Disputations, Book I, and the Somnium Scipionis. Edited by Frank Ernest Rockwood. (College Series of Latin Authors.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 144 pages.

Cogitations of a Crank at Threescore Years and Ten. By Septimus Winner. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia. 5¼×9¼ in. 112 pages.

College Entrance Examination Board: Questions Set at the Examinations held June 15-20, 1903. Ginn & Co., Boston. 6×9¼ in. 118 pages. 60c.

Commercial Geography. By Jacques W. Redway, F.R.G.S. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 406 pages. $1.25.

Professor Trotter's admirable book on "The Geography of Commerce," which we noticed recently, now finds a worthy rival in this volume on "Commercial Geography." Both works show man's continual readjustment to the new requirements made upon him by commerce. Both are admirable for school work or for other reference.

Complete Poetical Works of Adelaide Anne Procter. With an Introduction by Charles Dickens. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 6×8¾ in. 397 pages. $2.

This one-volume edition, substantially made, includes Miss Procter's complete works with Charles Dickens's introduction. The volume is large and somewhat heavy in the hand, but is not cumbersome.

Conflict of Truth (The). By F. Hugh Capron, B.A., F.R.A.S. (Third Edition.) Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5½×8¾ in. 509 pages. $2.50.

As a logical structure, apart from its underpinning, this is, in the main, a strong book, and a Scottish literary authority pronounces it "masterly." But its basis is fatally weak, the assumption that the interests of religion depend on the scientific correctness of Biblical statements, *e.g.*, those of Genesis. Efforts made to show this on that assumption were rife forty years ago, but have been abandoned both as misleading and as futile, so that this revival of them is surprising. Furthermore, the nebular hypothesis, on which Mr. Capron relies to make out his case, is no longer reliable; to quote Professor Lowell, "it was founded on what it has now foundered on, one fundamental mistake" ("The Solar System," p. 119, 1902). A constant feature of the argument is its reliance on Biblical words; *e.g.*, the command to primeval man to "replenish and multiply" is taken as recognizing death as in the world from the first, since replenish means the replacing of loss. Such reasoning requires the impossible assumption of verbal inspiration to make it good. When Mr. Capron goes into the subject of correspondences between natural and spiritual law, his drafts upon the intelligence of his readers become, if possible, more surprising. Upon his exposition of James i. 17 he comments thus: "This true order of the physical universe, to which religion thus appeals as a witness to the order of the spiritual universe, . . . was advanced by religion in direct opposition to what was then believed by all, except perhaps a few isolated speculators [*sic*], to be the actual order of the universe." Equally surprising are the appended laudatory comments of the British press, among them the "Outlook" of London, not of New York. Fully admitting Mr. Capron's cleverness, we deprecate such defenders of religion as doing more harm than good.

Conquering Success; or, Life in Earnest. By William Mathews, LL.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 404 pages. $1.50, net.

A new book by Dr. Mathews carries its own recommendation. His "Getting On in the World," published thirty years ago and translated into various languages, is well remembered. In the present book one finds, as expected, a storehouse of personal incident, anecdote, and history, illustrative of the forty topics treated in detail. It is an admirable book for young men and women.

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Cross Builders (The). By T. Calvin McClelland, Ph.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 93 pages. 50c., net. (Postage 5c.)

Cruising in the Caribbean with a Camera: Lecture Delivered May 7, 1903, at the New York Yacht Club. Illustrated. By Anson Phelps Stokes. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 22 pages.

Damsel and the Sage (The). By Elinor Glyn. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×8½ in. 82 pages. $1.25.

A prettily bound book, printed in clear type on heavy paper, with luxurious margins. The conversations carried on between the Damsel and the Sage are largely in the form of allegories. The moral soundness of the views they exchange is open to discussion; but, as a possible explanation, on the introductory page are these words, "Everything depends upon the point of view."

Denslow's Picture Books for Children. The A.B.C. Book; The One Ring Circus; Tom Thumb; Humpty Dumpty; Old Mother Hubbard; Jack and the Bean-Stalk; The Zoo; The House that Jack Built; The Three Bears; Little Red Riding Hood; The Five Little Pigs; Mary Had a Little Lamb. Illustrated in Brilliant Colors. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 8×11 in. 25c. each.

Dew-Babies (The). By Helen Broadbent. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8 in. 318 pages. $2.

This book comprises a dozen graceful fairy tales, all relating to the same little princess and prince.

Doubts About Darwinism. By a Semi-Darwinian. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 115 pages. $1.25.

That natural (including sexual) selection is not the sole factor in the evolutionary process is now the prevailing belief. The present author gives in a dozen short chapters reasons for believing in divine "intervention," at the beginning of the process and at its points of new departure.

Easy Guide to the Constellations (An), with a Miniature Atlas of the Stars. By James Gall. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4½×6 in. 73 pages. 75c.

Eighty Years of Union: Being a Short History of the United States, 1783–1865. By James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 416 pages. $1.75, net. (Postage, 16c. extra.)

Mr. Schouler has shown the same rare judgment as an editor of his own work that he has shown as a historian. The present volume, made out of selections from his larger work, is an uninterrupted lively narrative, presenting not only the great events and faiths and feelings which have shaped our history, but also the great characters whose words and acts gave the clearest expression to the popular movements back of them. There is no other volume which contains so luminous an account of the changes that have taken place in America's political parties, and there is no other that contains juster portraits of its political leaders.

Elements of Geology. By Joseph Le Conte. Revised and Partly Rewritten by Herman Le Roy Fairchild. (Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged, with New Plates and Illustrations.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 677 pages. $4.

A standard text-book of recognized value and importance. In the revision Professor H. L. Fairchild is aided by eight specialists of high repute, each in his particular field. The growth of knowledge in geology and the change in speculative views deduced from science are taken into account. In its present entirety the work is eminently fitted for use by colleges or high schools, or by individual readers who wish to get a view of the underlying principles of the sciences treated.

Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry. By Alan Sanders. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 384 pages.

Elizabethan Shakspere (The). Vol. I. The Tragedie of Macbeth. By Mark Harvey Liddell. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 247 pages.

The reproduction of the first part of Dr Mark Harvey Liddell's "Elizabethan Shakspere," presenting the tragedy of Macbeth in this low-priced edition, will be a boon to scholars and students, because in its original form the edition was too expensive for the great majority of those whom it was designed to aid. It is one of the most thoroughgoing pieces of scholarly work which has been undertaken by a student of literature in this country. Its aim is to give a critical text of Shakespeare's works in the language of Shakespeare's time, and to "interpret this in the light of Elizabethan conditions of life and thought and idiom." It would not be easier to put into fewer words the description of a great project. In the field of Shakespearean scholarship no task has been undertaken that requires more intimate knowledge of the condition of language and literature in Shakespeare's time, or greater familiarity with the atmosphere in which the dramatist lived. Dr. Liddell, although a young man, has produced critical work of unusual value. This edition, which promises to be a *magnum opus*, presents a critical text compiled from the various quarto and folio sources "in the light of their known relations to one another." This text is reproduced in the forms of Elizabethan English, discarding certain peculiarities of printing. Variant readings, when they are of any importance, are given in their original form. No notice is made of conjectural emendations, unless, as in a few cases, they supply a word obviously unintelligible. In the explanatory notes the material essential to a clear understanding of the text has been brought together, and the notes are arranged about the text after the manner of the fifteenth-century method of note-composition, with some slight modifications. It must not be supposed that the editor has confined himself solely to purely textual comment; there will be found scattered through the notes interpretations and suggestions full of literary insight, and throwing light on many characteristic passages. The play is prefaced by a very interesting introduction.

Five Nations (The). By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 215 pages. $1.40, net.

Reserved for later notice.

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Fables of Æsop (The): Based on the Texts of L'Estrange and Croxall. Edited by J. Walker McSpadden. Illustrated. (Children's Favorite Classics.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 230 pages. 60c.

We have here a handy edition of a classic which surely has a place in the library of every child.

First Lessons in Zoology. By Vernon L. Kellogg. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 363 pages.

Foes of the Red Cockade. By Captain F. S. Brereton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7½ in. 396 pages. $1.20, net.

A boy's book of adventure with none of the "thrill" omitted. Captain Brereton is more successful in creating excitement than characters. His juvenile heroes are, if possible, less lifelike than those of the majority of writers for the young.

Forest (The). By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated. The Outlook Company, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 276 pages. $1.50, net.

In "The Forest" Mr. Stewart Edward White has worked out a new treatment of nature. He may be said to have gone a long way towards making a new form of romance, for "The Forest" is not only atmospheric in the sense of making the reader feel the power and the spell of the woods as if he were actually in them, but it is full of movement, incident, and adventure. It reminds one of Thoreau in its keenness of natural observation, it suggests without imitating Burroughs in the sense of familiarity with the outer world which pervades it, and it suggests the mood of Jefferies applied to an entirely new environment. It is more than a record of observation or a study of nature; it is in a genuine sense a romance. It is a connected narrative, and there are interesting characters skillfully and boldly drawn. There is progression from the first page to the last, and it is progression into a new world of mystery, danger, and heroic energy. It is a romance of that wild life which is fast disappearing from the face of the earth. It combines the accuracy of the observation of a naturalist with the human interest which the novelist puts into his work. The volume is very handsomely made and the illustrations bring before the eye something of the freshness, the movement, and the mystery of the narrative.

Gawayne and the Green Knight. By Charlton Miner Lewis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 108 pages. $1, net.

The author's right to tell in graceful verse this true tale of fairyland these few lines prove at once:

> "For fairy natures are compounded all
> Of whimsies and of freaks fantastical,
> And what the best of fairies loves the best
> (Except pure kindness) is an artless jest.
> And so wise men have argued, on the whole,
> That the misguided creatures have no soul;
> But as for me, if the bright fairy elf
> Has none, I'll get along without, myself!"

Gay: A Story. By Evelyn Whitaker. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 351 pages. $1.25.

Any one who has read "Laddie" and "Miss Toosey's Mission" will need no other indorsement of this book than the information that it is by the same author. To any one who has not read them, we recommend the speedy purchase and perusal of all three. There is a quiet charm about these simple little English stories that sets them in a class by themselves.

Gee-Boy. By Cyrus Lauron Hooper. John Lane, New York. 4×7 in. 271 pages.

This book, presumably written for those interested in the imaginings and growth of a child's mind, does not confine itself to "Gee-boy" while a boy, but follows him into a manhood of unfulfilled aspiring.

Geographic Influences in American History. By Albert Perry Brigham, A.M., F.G.S.A. Illustrated. The Chautauqua Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 285 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Brigham attempts to combine the materials of American history and geography, and his attempt is in many respects signally successful. Each of his chapters deals with a region distinct in its physical development and in historical unity.

German Composition: With a Review of Grammar and Syntax. Edited by B. Mack Dresden, A.M. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 68 pages.

Golden Chain (The). By Gwendolen Overton. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 100 pages. 50c.

A good deal of dramatic intensity is displayed in this tale, short as it is. The scene and subject are in some respects like those of Miss Overton's successful romance, "The Heritage of Unrest."

Handy Volume Classics (Pocket Edition): **The Conduct of Life.** By Ralph Waldo Emerson. **Past and Present.** By Thomas Carlyle. **Frondes Agrestes: Selected Readings from "Modern Painters."** By John Ruskin. **Selected Essays of Michel de Montaigne.** Translated by Charles Cotton. **Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Elizabethan Dramatists.** Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 35c. per vol.

Hawthorne and His Circle. By Julian Hawthorne. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 380 pages. $2.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Helen Grant's Schooldays. By Amanda M. Douglas. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 391 pages. $1, net.

Helps to Faith. By J. H. Garrison. Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis. 5×7½ in. 245 pages. $1.

It is a dynamic and moral rather than a doctrinal faith that Mr. Garrison has in view. Doctrinally holding to conceptions currently styled "liberal orthodox," he lays little emphasis on beliefs or creeds, but much on personal allegiance to Jesus as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." At the same time various points of intellectual difficulty with certain doctrines are incidentally touched in a way to relieve the difficulty. Still more might have been done in this line, and the conception of faith in Christ for salvation from sin needs expansion into the thought of faith as a looking to and following him as our "Captain" in a soldierly service.

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History and Use of Hymns and Hymn-Tunes (The). By Rev. David R. Breed, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 364 pages. $1.50, net.

Professor Breed has intended primarily to make a text-book for students in a much-neglected department of practical theology. He has made one of great interest to all who are concerned for the right proportion between the spiritual, the practical, and the æsthetic in public worship. As combining the study of hymns and the study of hymn-tunes, it fills a place that no other book fills. Dr. Breed's judgment of tunes is likely to win larger approval than his judgment of hymns. His discriminating chapter on "Gospel Songs and Singers" may be instanced. On the other hand, he does not see that a hymn which is not good poetry cannot be a good hymn, though it may be orthodox doctrine versified. The Rev. W. G. Horder, of London, a more competent hymnologist, has said that some of the best work in recent hymnody has been done by American Unitarians. Dr. Holmes's hymn,

"Lord of all being, throned afar,"

is a specimen. But Dr. Breed's only reference to this "nest of singing birds" (to use Mr. Horder's phrase) is the quotation of Holmes's jocular allusion to his classmate Smith, one of "the two greatest American hymn-writers" (Ray Palmer being the other):

"And there's a fine youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him *Smith*."

Besides this omission, it may occur to those on whose top shelves repose volumes of hymns widely current fifty years ago that some qualification is needed by Dr. Breed's canon: "What the church generally adopts must be a good hymn, and the hymns that are most generally adopted must be the best hymns."

History of Christian Preaching (The). By T. Harwood Pattison. Illustrated. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 412 pages. $1.50. (Postage, 15c.)

This history is given in sketches of the more distinguished preachers since the Christian era. The more eminent are accorded the larger commemoration, and their work, character, and quality are delineated with fine appreciation of all that was best in them. Professor Pattison's work will not be without effect in perpetuating the apostolic succession it commemorates. But why should he think that Channing and Theodore Parker "can scarcely with any justice to themselves be classed as Unitarians at all"?

In Perfect Peace. By J. R. Miller, D.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 29 pages. 50c., net.

In the Grip of the Mullah. By Captain F. S. Brereton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 337 pages. $1.20, net.

This story describes the rescue by his son of an English army officer, shipwrecked in the Suez Canal while on his way to join his regiment in India, and carried into captivity by the natives of Somaliland. As may be imagined, there is enough exciting incident in Captain Brereton's book to satisfy the craving of the most voracious boy reader.

In the Palaces of the Sultan. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 492 pages. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Jack, the Fire Dog. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 284 pages. $1, net.

The biography of a clever dog, whose canine friends, Boxer, the bulldog, and Toby, a nice retiring little bowwow of no particular family, are more interesting and natural than the human characters introduced in the story.

Joe's Signal Code. By W. Reiff Hesser. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 381 pages. $1, net.

Journeying in the Land where Jesus Lived. By Gerard B. F. Hallock, D.D. Illustrated. The American Tract Society, New York. 5½×8 in. 298 pages. $1.50.

The author of these notes of travel was one of the eight hundred of the "Celtic" excursionists in 1902. A useful bibliography is appended.

Land of Little Rain (The). By Mary Austin. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6¼×8½ in. 281 pages. $2, net.

Mrs. Austin's life has contained quite unusual experiences in the Western desert lands, among Indians and miners and Mexican half-breeds. The slopes of the Sierra Nevadas are to her a well-read book. She has taught Indian children, talked with people who might have come out of Bret Harte's tales, studied nature in wild and strange moods on mountains and in valleys. Out of this special knowledge she has written sympathetically and in a mood that often reminds one of Richard Jefferies. The book is beautifully printed and has decorative illustration precisely fitted to the subject. The chapters are full of poetical feeling, restrained, sincere, and artistically expressed.

Latin Grammar (A). By William Gardner Hale and Carl Darling Buck. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 388 pages. $1.

Latin Prose Composition. By Henry Carr Pearson, A.B. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 259 pages.

Laura Bridgman: Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil and What He Taught Her. By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 394 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Lessons in Astronomy, including Uranography. By Charles A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D. (Revised Edition.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 420 pages. $1.25. (Postage extra.)

Lessons in Physics. By Lothrop D. Higgins, Ph.B. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 379 pages.

Liberal Education and a Liberal Faith (A): Series of Baccalaureate Addresses. By Charles Franklin Thwing, D.D., LL.D. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 233 pages. $1, net.

President Thwing, widely known as a frequent, vigorous, and instructive writer on educational topics, has collected in this vol-

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ume his baccalaureate sermons since 1891. There are no more important and significant sermons than those of this type which every year brings forward, indicating, as they do, the reciprocal influence which religion and education exert on each other. Dr. Thwing believes that the theology of educated men and women will be very simple, and one that will promote the sense of human brotherhood.

Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson (The). By Thomas E. Watson. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 534 pages. $2.50, net.

This is not a great book, but, like the author's volume on the French Revolution, it shows the labor of years, and makes comprehensible an epoch misunderstood by unsympathetic historians. Nevertheless, it is an uncommonly readable, and in some respects an uncommonly instructive, piece of historical work. The author has the advantage not only of complete sympathy with the man of whom he writes, but also of complete sympathy with the section from which he sprang, and these personal and sectional sympathies have enabled him to present a portrait of Jefferson quite distinct from those usually presented by Northern biographies. Many of the stories told of the part of the South in the struggles which prepared the way for the Revolutionary War will be new even to close students of the Revolutionary epoch—so exclusively has our early history been viewed from the standpoint of New England historians. Yet the freshness of the narrative and the keen humor of the author's comments on people, customs, and events do not at all times atone for the evidences of hurried work and of excessive readiness to amuse his audience by Donnybrook Fair thrusts at any head within reach. We agree with Mr. Watson that the dignity of history has had a mournful effect upon the animation of most historians, and that it would be better if writers would write about history as good talkers talk about it. Yet the best of talkers will edit out some of his random remarks before he publishes them to the world as his sober judgments. We are glad, however, that Mr. Watson has entered upon the work of writing the early history of American democracy, and are confident that his maturer labors in this field will result in volumes as fresh, illuminating, and fascinating as his "Story of France."

Life of Samuel Johnson. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Edited by Charles Lane Hanson. (Standard English Classics.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 94 pages. 25c.

Little French Masterpieces. Edited by Alexander Jessup. Translated by George Burnham Ives. In 6 vols. Vol. I. **Prosper Mérimée.** Vol. II. **Gustave Flaubert.** Vol. III. **Théophile Gautier.** Vol. IV. **Honoré de Balzac.** Vol. V. **Alphonse Daudet.** Vol. VI. **Guy de Maupassant.** G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. $1 per vol.

A capital idea is here admirably carried out. The supremacy of the French in the delicately finished short story is undisputed, and the six authors here represented were the finest flower of this development of French literature. The little volumes are all that is charming in outward appearance, are literally volumes for the pocket, have portraits of the authors, and each is introduced by a competent critic—Maupassant, for example, by Arthur Symons; Daudet, by W. P. Trent; Mérimée, by Grace King. The stories themselves are well chosen and carefully translated.

Little Booke of Poets' Parleys (A): Being a Set of Conversations Between Sundry Pairs of Poets, Assenting or Anon Dissenting, in Conveying to One Another Their Minds on Various Subjects. Selected and Arranged in Dialogue Form by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×6½ in. 69 pages. 75c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

Little Stories. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 110 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Li'l Verses for Li'l Fellers. By George Vere Hobart. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 8×10½ in. 125 pages. $1.40, net.

There are some capital illustrations in this book of child verse.

Loci Critici: Passages Illustrative of Critical Theory and Practice from Aristotle Downwards. Selected, Partly Translated, and Arranged with Notes by George Saintsbury, M.A., Hon. LL.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 439 pages. $1.50. (Postage, 15c. extra.)

These nuggets of criticism form a useful book for the teacher of English. The volume brings into convenient compass the standard selections (for example, those dealing with the "Unities") from Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German, French (all in translation), and English writers, selections that it has been necessary hitherto to cull from many volumes, some of them not readily accessible. Many of the quotations, such as the "Gospel of Plunder," preached by the Italian Vida, and the sixteenth-century statements of what constitutes a poet and what a subject for poetry, will be found of present interest to the lay reader of literature as well as to the student.

Mazarin. By Arthur Hassall, M.A. (Foreign Statesmen Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 187 pages.

The latest addition to the instructive series entitled "Foreign Statesmen" is by Mr. Hassall, the well-known writer on French historical topics. His life of Mazarin will compare favorably with the other books from his pen. The present volume is one which deserves reading not only by students, but also by that larger number of readers who enjoy the Dumas and other French historical novels. Those that have to do with the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. may best be understood by a perusal of such books as Mr. Hassall's and M. Barine's "La Grande Mademoiselle," on the latter of which we recently commented.

Medial Spelling Blanks, Nos. 1, 2, 3. By H. W. Shaylor and G. H. Shattuck. 6½×8 in. Ginn & Co., Boston. 42c. per dozen.

Medial Writing Books (The). By H. W. Shaylor and G. H. Shattuck. Books A, B, C. Ginn & Co., Boston. 6¼×5½ in. 50c. per dozen.

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Memoirs of M. de Blowitz. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 321 pages. $3, net.

This book is disappointing. From the personal characteristics of its author, we had expected to find in it an excess of egotism, but we also had a right to expect more good stories and more elucidation concerning the characters of recent statesmen than we here find. The most striking tale in the book is, of course, that concerning Princess Bismarck and the Kaiser's portrait; the most interesting contribution to history is that concerning the early days of the French Republic. Despite his pompousness, M. de Blowitz was a newspaper correspondent whose work could not be disregarded. For many years, from the enviable standpoint of a London "Times" contributor, he wielded a not inconsiderable influence and enjoyed the favor of a very large audience. Like many another man who has worked his way up to power, however, we find his earlier contributions of greater interest and importance than his later. They seem to express their author's real nature better, and in some cases to give exacter impressions of men and events.

Mills of Man (The). By Philip Payne. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 476 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Mister Sharptooth. By Joe Kerr. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 8½×11 in. 61 pages. $1.25.

Modern Speech New Testament (The). By the late Richard Weymouth, M.A., D.Lit. Edited and Partly Revised by Ernest Hampden-Cook, M.A. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 674 pages. $1.25, net.

Among the various translations made by a single hand this is one of exceptional merit, representing the work of a veteran Biblical scholar for many years. In point of accuracy it is far superior to the Authorized Version, and sometimes to the text, if not to the marginal renderings, of the Revised. In the point of modernized speech the extreme to which it goes may be best represented by a quotation from Paul's eulogium of love: "Love is patient and kind. Love knows neither envy nor jealousy. Love is not forward and self-assertive, nor boastful and conceited. She does not behave unbecomingly, nor seek to aggrandize herself, nor blaze out in passionate anger, nor brood over wrongs. She finds no pleasure in injustice done to others, but joyfully sides with the truth. She knows how to be silent; she is full of trust, full of hope, full of patient endurance." Objection to this freedom is forestalled by the announced purpose to give "a succinct and compressed running commentary (not doctrinal)" upon the older versions, rather than a competitive version.

Moon (The): Considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite. By James Nasmyth, C.E., and James Carpenter, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 6×8¼ in. 315 pages. $2.

This is a fourth edition of the work of two well-known English astronomers. The present edition has been thoroughly revised and enlarged with reference to recent observations and discoveries, and as the book stands it is probably not excelled by any other work as a popular and intelligible account of all that is known about the moon's movements, physiography, and phenomena generally.

Mother Goose (Newly Feathered). Edited by Newton H. Jones. Illustrated. The National Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 8½×11½ in. 64 pages.

My Candles and Other Poems. By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 122 pages. $1, net.

My Mamie Rose. By Owen Kildare. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 303 pages. $1.50, net.

This is the very remarkable true story told by himself of a man who at the age of thirty was a "Bowery tough" and could neither read nor write his own name. In less than ten years he has become a writer on the staff of several metropolitan journals, a contributor to the magazines, and the author of this book, which is the account of his own rise through the help and inspiration that came from acquaintance with a good woman, to whom he pays all the tribute. It is, we believe, a story without a parallel, and a most remarkable human document. We wish the author had chosen another title.

New Thought Simplified (The): How to Gain Harmony and Health. By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 195 pages. 80c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

As exhibited here, the "New Thought" is new only to a materialistic age. It "practically applies the spirit and substance of the Bible to daily life." It has points of agreement with Christian Science, "though entirely distinct in doctrine and framework, and with differences most marked in method and theory." What it is in principle and practice Mr. Wood endeavors to make plain and clear in a brief and simple exposition. The first thing is to learn to control and direct one's thoughts, and to create the best thoughts. The influence of "the still hour" for meditation and aspiration, so cultivated by the great saints, is of prime importance. The masterful influence of the sub-conscious mind must be subsidized by constant self-suggestion. Some lessons in this conclude the book. To those who think him visionary the author replies, Try it. Think of yourself as spirit, not flesh, and act accordingly.

Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Vols. I. and II. **Memoirs of a Sportsman.** Vol. III. **Rudin: A Romance. A King Lear of the Steppes.** Vol. IV. **A Nobleman's Nest.** Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. Per vol., $2, net. Subscription only.

Reserved for later notice.

Nurse Norah's Up-to-Date Fairy Tales. By Elliott Flower. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 163 pages. $1.

Irish Norah's versions of "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," "Puss in Boots," and other nursery favorites are rich in brogue and a humor whose appeal is not limited to the

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juvenile class of readers. The "New Arabian Nights" included in her collection of "up-to-date fairy tales" is particularly entertaining.

Odes and Epodes of Horace (The). Edited by Clement Lawrence Smith. (Second Edition.) (College Series of Latin Authors.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 443 pages. $1.50. (Postage extra.)

One Religion: Many Creeds. By Ross Winans. (Third Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 452 pages. $1.75.

The unity of the religious spirit under all diversities of religious form does not need to be presented in the polemic of this volume against creeds. However untenable many theological dogmas are, a wise truth-seeker will try to get at the underlying truth that has given them temporary currency in an objectionable form. Crimes have been perpetrated in the name of Christianity, as they have been in the name of democracy in a reign of terror; but what, except human folly, does that prove?—a folly imitated by any who on such grounds oppose either Christianity, as Mr. Winans does, or democracy, as with equal reason he might. But this is a reprint of a book issued in 1870, and much has been learned since then.

Oriental Rug (The). By W. D. Ellwanger. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 154 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Personality of the Holy Spirit (The): The Quillian Lectures for 1903 Delivered in the Chapel of Emory College. By Eugene Russell Hendrix, D.D., LL.D. Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tenn. 5×8 in. 219 pages. $1, net.

These lectures are marked by spiritual fervor and force. Bishop Hendrix recognizes the fact that in the Bible we have to do primarily with living and inspired men, rather than with a book. He recognizes the immanence of the Spirit in nature, and still more in humanity. When he regards the Spirit as "the Executive in the Godhead," and goes to the Old Testament for Trinitarian texts, we desiderate clearer thought and sounder learning.

Philippines (The): A Geographical Reader. By Samuel MacClintock. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 105 pages.

Philosophy of Auguste Comte (The). By L. Lévy-Bruhl. Authorized Translation. Introduction by Frederic Harrison, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 363 pages. $3.50.

According to the competent testimony of Mr. Frederic Harrison, no one has so truly grasped and assimilated Comte's ideas as the author of the present work. In the history of philosophy this is therefore an important work, for Comte was an influential thinker during at least the middle third of the last century. But the Positive Philosophy, whose choir-leader he was, has by this time waned in importance. Its fundamental doctrine of Phenomenalism, *i.e.*, that phenomena, or the way in which things appear and act, are the only facts which can enter into human knowledge, so that the quest for ultimate reality and cause must be abandoned, has fallen into discredit in the philosophic world. More abiding is the dominance of the scientific spirit and method in intellectual processes, and Comte's insistence on this gives him right to honorable remembrance. With reference to this, and only this, is M. Lévy-Bruhl's claim vindicable that Comte's Philosophy is the representative work of the nineteenth century. Comte was also the father of sociology, the science of social life. Although it has developed on other lines than those which he projected, his scheme of thought still claims attention. Comte's grand ideal was the reorganization of society. Till this be effected, his solution of the problems it involves will have at least a historical interest.

Physical Chemistry in the Service of the Sciences. By Jacobus H. Van't Hoff. English Version by Alexander Smith. (The Decennial Publications, Second Series, Vol. XVIII.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 126 pages.

Physical Laboratory Manual for Secondary Schools. By S. E. Coleman. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 234 pages.

Pioneer Missionaries of the Church. By Rev. Charles C. Creegan, D.D. Illustrated. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 313 pages. $1.25.

Dr. Creegan has added to his valuable "Great Missionaries" another no less valuable volume on "Pioneer Missionaries." These include such men as Bishop Heber and Christian Schwartz in India, Morison in China, Verbeck in Japan, and many others whose careers were as picturesque, full of incident, and helpful to the world as were the noble lives of the four missionaries mentioned. Dr. Creegan's work must benefit all readers. Not only does it emphasize the vast merit and consequent obligation of the world to the early apostles of Christianity in heathen lands, it also incidentally calls attention to the present worth and work of the successors of the pioneers. The book deserves and will undoubtedly receive earnest reading from Christians of every name.

Plays I Have Seen. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 225 pages. $1, net.

This well-made book, with substantial cover of dark green and gilt letters, comes as a very acceptable gift-book at the beginning of the theater season. It is in convenient form to keep a record of plays seen; with space for indicating plot, cast of characters, songs, jokes, etc., and for portraits of favorite actors and actresses and scenes from the plays. There is also an index. Any theater-lover keeping such a record will not only provide much entertainment for himself and friends when all is fresh in the mind, but with its aid will be able in after years to call vividly to mind many pleasant experiences.

Present-Day Egypt. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. Illustrated. (Revised and Enlarged Edition.) The Century Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 396 pages. $2.50.

This is a revised edition of a justly popular work. The new edition will be welcomed by

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all students of present-day happenings in Egypt. Those happenings are of signal importance. They abundantly warrant the publication of this enlarged edition.

Randy and Prue. By Amy Brooks. Illustrated. (The Randy Books.) Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 251 pages. 80c., net.

Reader's History of American Literature (A). By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Henry Walcott Boynton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7¾ in. 327 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of Naishápúr. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1½×4½ in. 101 pages. 30c.

Shakespeare's Comedy of the Merchant of Venice. Edited by William J. Rolfe, Litt.D. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 236 pages.

Shakespeare's Homeland: Sketches of Stratford-upon-Avon, The Forest of Arden, and the Avon Valley. By W. Salt Brassington, F.S.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 356 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Silesian Horseherd (The). Questions of the Hour. Answered by Friedrich Max Müller. Translated from the German by Oscar A. Fechter, Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 220 pages. $1.20, net.

A citizen of German birth resident in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, a materialist and atheist, was moved by reading Professor Max Müller's "True History of Celsus" to write him a letter of protest—"Max, can you too still cling to the God fable?"—over the signature of "A Silesian Horseherd." This the Professor kindly answered at length, pointing out his correspondent's fallacies. Other correspondents, more cultured than the "horseherd," were moved to take part in the discussion between the Christian believer and the skeptic. This is the story of the present volume, which, as its editor observes, reveals "the inmost beliefs of one who had devoted more than fifty years to the study of the history of religious thought on the widest scale." As a vindication of the essentials of Christianity it is of high value.

Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 447 pages. $1.50.

Sixty Jane. By John Luther Long. The Century Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 208 pages. $1.25.

A collection of short stories, some of humor, more essentially pathetic, all dealing with the sorrows and joys of humble people. Mr. Long knows how to arouse the emotions without overstraining the sentiment, and his skill as a story-teller is beyond dispute.

South American Republics (The). By Thomas C. Dawson. In Two Parts. Part I. (The Story of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 525 pages. $1.35, net.

To the general reader the most patent merit of Mr. Dawson's book is its information concerning the question, "Why do they always have revolutions in South America?" Our author treats, in this first volume, of Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay; hence the second volume is to comprise those countries where revolution is more frequent than in the four lands above named, and we shall thus expect more detailed and picturesque information. To the student of history Mr. Dawson's work is of importance; the books are regrettably few that inform us exactly and dispassionatly concerning the history of countries which every day are becoming more intimately associated with our own.

Spy of Yorktown (The). By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 229 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage additional.)

Mr. Stoddard's stories are always bracing and his boys lifelike, if they do have rather more adventures than fall to the lot of the average youth outside of bookdom. "The Spy of Yorktown" is no exception, and its Revolutionary heroes give it a special interest that most young readers will be quick to appreciate.

Story of Little David (The): From the David Copperfield of Charles Dickens. Illustrated. (Famous Children of Literature Series.) Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 176 pages.

Story of Rapid Transit (The). By Beckles Willson. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 204 pages. $1. (Postage, 10c.)

No volume in this admirable "Business Series" should attract greater notice than Professor Johnson's book. The characteristic material problem of the nineteenth century was rapid transit, and it promises to be one of the most prominent sciences of the twentieth; indeed, our author thinks that more capital, labor, and ingenuity are being consecrated to it to-day than to all other sciences together. Certainly "the man in the street" takes more interest in transportation than hitherto. This is as it should be. In America there has recently been the object-lesson of how greatly electricity is able to add both to the speed and to the capacity of trains on the New York City Elevated; and in Germany railway engineers are justly elated at the striking speed on the Marienfelde-Gossen electric road of 131½ miles an hour.

Thistledown. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 6½×8½ in. 269 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 17c.)

This is a very pretty story of a boy trained as an acrobat by a cruel man who claims to be his grandfather. When the lad is restored to his rightful relatives, the impulses that respond to his new environment, and that call him to the cheers of the crowds who applaud his feats, are at war, but the nobility of his nature is unaltered through every vicissitude.

Three Graces. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 251 pages. $1.25, net.

The "Three Graces" are boarding-school girls of the same name but of so widely different nature that the titles Grace, Disgrace, and Scapegrace are supposed to suggest their characters. Readers who are interested in this book will be glad of the hint dropped by the author in the last chapter,

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that an opportunity to renew the acquaintance will be afforded by a later volume dealing with the trio's experiences at college.

Two Tramps. By Amy Le Feuvre. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 219 pages. 75c., net.

A little English boy, who has studied too hard, and his uncle, an overworked London barrister, take a holiday tramp together through the Devonshire country. Rollo is an attractive little fellow, though at times he becomes tiresome because of precocious piety—a family characteristic which in the uncle takes the form of dealing out tracts right and left as they go. Theirs is a congenial companionship, and their quiet adventures are pleasantly told.

Upper Room Meditations. By Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald. Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tennessee. 5×7½ in. 316 pages.

Virgin Birth of Christ (The). By Paul Lobstein. Translated into English by Victor Leulliette, B.-ès-L., A.K.C. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 138 pages. $1.25.

The general theological position of Professor Lobstein was reviewed by The Outlook at some length, and favorably, April 25, 1903. The present monograph is recommended by the British editor to his fellow-churchmen who find insuperable critical difficulties in the Gospel narratives of the Nativity. Of these difficulties Professor Lobstein makes a root-and-branch clearance. He holds that neither exegetical criticism nor Biblical theology sustains the literal interpretation of the narratives. In substance he regards them as inspired, but not so in form; in form as legends, in which early believers in Christ, inspired by his revelation of God, explained to themselves the marvel of such a revelation in the Man of Nazareth. Professor Lobstein objects also to the traditional literalism of theology on this subject, that it really makes Jesus a stranger to our race. It should be added that this radical treatment of the subject is not prompted by radicalism, but by what are regarded as the interests of religion. "If," concludes Professor Lobstein, "we set aside the dogma which the school has deduced from the stories of Matthew and Luke, it is that we may subscribe with absolute sincerity and joyful assurance to the Johannine saying, echo of our experience and confirmation of our faith: Jesus said unto them, 'I am from above; I am not of this world.'"

Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible. By S. S. Curry, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 384 pages. $1.50.

Slovenliness in public worship, which existed in the Anglican Church before the Oxford movement corrected it, still waits in many churches for correction in the important matter of reading the Scripture lessons. The present volume is helpful to such correction. Dr. Curry is not only a veteran teacher of his art, but a seasoned student of the English Bible as a revelation of truth through personality. His book goes as far as any book can to take the place of the living teacher. A leading principle is that all effectiveness in vocal expression depends on accentuation of the fundamental elements of conversation. His directions are helpfully applied in analyses of many passages of the Bible, showing how they should be and should not be read. His book will serve, wherever read, to abolish what he calls "hard-shell reading" that still mars worship where "hard-shell preaching" is not tolerated.

Warwick Castle and Its Earls. By the Countess of Warwick. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×9¾ in. $8, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Weatherby's Inning: A Story of College Life and Baseball. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 249 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage additional.)

Mr. Barbour's college boys are real flesh and blood, and it is a pleasure to meet them. In this story it is baseball to the fore; but a question of ethics as well as athletics is very ably handled also.

"We, the People." By Edward Everett Hale. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 291 pages. $1.20, net.

Dr. Hale's latest volume deserves and will command wide reading from an appreciative public. Much of the book is made up of short paragraphs contributed to daily and weekly papers, and has to do in general with the rights of the people and with the duties of citizenship, expressed in the picturesque, trenchant, and impressive style characteristic of all the distinguished author's work. To many, however, the most attractive part of the volume will be that section where Dr. Hale discusses Sunday and Sunday observances, and, in especial, one exquisite short essay on Christmas and He who made it.

Widows: Grave and Otherwise. Purloined by an Ex-Widow and Pictures by a Victim. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5×8 in. 120 pages. $1, net.

Within the Pale. By Michael Davitt. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 300 pages. $1.20, net.

One might expect from Mr. Michael Davitt a far more prejudiced account of the Russian atrocities at Kishenev. We find, however, that this account is so fair-minded in presenting the Russian as well as the Hebrew side that the book fairly deserves a place among works of historical reference. Its language is impressive, of course, as it could hardly fail to be, either from the merits of the subject itself or from those of the author.

Young Woman in Modern Life (The). By Beverley Warner, D.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 218 pages. 85c., net.

This little volume is a collection of essays charmingly written and containing helpful and stimulating counsel to girls, without being the "preachment" that over-zealous elders too often address to the young, vainly expecting their approval and profit.

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Correspondence

Indian Work for White Men's Amusement

[The authorities in charge of Indian Exhibitions at the St. Louis Fair, in their search for interesting curiosities, wrote to an Indian agent, who is at the same time superintendent of an Indian school, asking him to furnish a group of Indians from his school to work during the Fair for the interest of sightseers. They received the following reply, with the spirit of which The Outlook is in hearty sympathy. The letter was read last week at the meeting of the Lake Mokonk Indian Conference.—THE EDITORS.]

June 22, 1903.

Sir: Your letter of June 17 received. In answer to your question, "Can I furnish any old Indians to work at the occupations enumerated in your letter," viz., Chippewas at birch-bark canoes, Navajos at blanket-weaving and silversmithing, Sioux on stone-work, bead-work, etc., other tribes on basket-making. As the Indians in my charge would come under the head of other tribes and would be expected to work at basket-making, I will have to say that I do not know of an old Indian in this district who can make a basket.

I have a few young men who have been doing something at stone-work and can lay a very fair stone wall, but as this is an acquired art with them, and it is young men that do it, it would not fit in the exhibit.

I have some quite old men that are quite expert with the spade and shovel, and some that are quite handy with the ax. I am sure that they would make a more creditable showing along this line than they would at basket-weaving. Then, again, I believe that basket-weaving would be too sedentary an occupation for the old Indians of this district.

My work and experience among these Indians for thirty years has been with a view of getting them to forget their old ways and pursuits, and I have been so far successful, aided, of course, by the conditions and environments which surround them, that it would now take some time and expense to get them back to where they would make a creditable showing in any pursuit peculiar to Indians.

I, of course, could find a few who could make a creditable exhibit in smoking the pipe of peace, or any other kind of a pipe, providing the tobacco would be furnished free of cost to them. Thirty years ago in every large Indian camp there could be seen groups of old men squatted around in a shaded nook playing "Mexican monte." There is a remnant yet of these old men left who would have no objections to giving an exhibit of this accomplishment at the exposition.

Outside of these two things, the old-time occupations of the Indians have about passed away. When I first knew them, they hunted the buffalo and lived by so doing. The work of the men did not go much farther than making bows and arrows and herding their ponies. The women tanned the robes, skinned the buffalo, built the lodges, leaving the men but little to do when in camp. So it is not strange that their time was put in, when in camp, smoking and playing "monte," and, I might add, in pulling out their eyebrows. As I don't imagine these occupations would add much to the exhibit, I must frankly say that you have struck the wrong man to furnish the features of the exhibit you asked for in your letter. But there is an Indian farmer in this agency by the name of ——, who is employed in cultivating the native industries of these Indians. I will quote from his catalogue, which says: "All goods quoted are genuine Indian design and made by them in the old way. We allow no thread to be used by them in the construction, but insist on sinew being used exclusively, as that was the only thread known before the white man came and is much more lasting. With very few exceptions, all the articles quoted are practical. Take, for instance, the golf-belts; they are original and beautiful, practical and durable; combined with the purse there is no more practical article in the market. So it is with moccasins and card-cases, music-rolls, book-covers, etc."

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Now, my dear Colonel, you can plainly see you have missed your man. You should get —— to furnish you with some of these old Indians and have them employed on the exposition grounds, making golf-belts, card-cases, music-rolls, and book-covers, just as they did ages ago before they met the white man and became acquainted with him. The only obstacle I see in the way of this plan being carried out is that the woman who cuts out and designs this aborigines' work might be too close in the background and might be heard to answer to the question as to why these Indians do not cut out this work themselves, that they do not understand how to do it, as they only know how to do things their own way.

I came among these Indians too soon and have been here too long to appreciate this kind of Indian industries.

I received a letter to-day from another person asking me to contribute to the St. Louis Exposition. In this letter he says: "If you like, we will make a special exhibit of what you furnish and give your school and reservation credit for the same." "Would like to have grasses of every kind and wheat, oats, etc., and the grain when threshed." Now, this man struck me with a full hand, and I can play to his ante, and if I don't turn trump from the bottom of the deck on his deal and sweep the stakes, it will be because my experience in the Indian work has profited me nothing.

As I cannot see that I can help you out in the line of exhibit you have asked for, I have referred you to the one that can do so. My first experience in Indian exhibits was in 1877, when I took a party of one hundred and fifty Indians to a fair, where I took twelve premiums and diplomas with the Indians and school-children, in fair competition with the white exhibitors of Kansas. Among the premiums I took were for the best collection of hand-made work, the prettiest thing of any name or nature, the best collection of garden and field seeds, which was put up by the Indians, light bread baked by a girl fourteen years old, jelly and preserves of different kinds put up by school-girls. I made an Indian exhibit at the first fair held in ——, and got several premiums and diplomas in fair competition with white people. I did not enter in my exhibit any old-time golf-belts or music-rolls, or the war-club with which Captain Smith was not killed. I leave that kind of exhibits to the frontiersmen from Boston and other frontier places.

I think I have fully shown that I am not an exhibitor of the type you are looking for, although I should be very glad to help you out in any way that I am capable of doing.

Wishing you unbounded success in this enterprise, I am,

Yours very respectfully,

—— ——

Superintendent.

The New York State Canal

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Referring to your editorial of this week favoring a hundred-million-dollar barge canal as against a two-hundred-million-dollar ship canal, permit me to call your attention to the opinion expressed in the current issues of two valuable journals.

"Bradstreet's" says concerning the shifting of cereal productions: "We recall several articles printed in 'Bradstreet's' as far back as 1899 showing the increase of wheat production in the Southwest, which is nearer by five hundred miles to the Gulf coast than it is to New York or other Eastern cities. If these figures prove anything, it is that . . . the center of grain-production is now not far from the Mississippi, and that, considering the great growth of the population in the eastern States of the grain belt, the great surplus supplies of grain . . . which must be looked for to send abroad are raised west of the river. This being the case, the advocates of the theory that the geography of the case in the last analysis determines the ports, and therefore the rates for export, would seem to have a strong position."

The "Engineering News" recently sent a round-robin letter to prominent members of the American Society of Civil Engineers, asking them what action the people should take with respect to the question whether or not $101,000,000 should be spent on a

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barge canal. Engineers who, by previous work connected with the New York canals or by present work connected with the trunk line railways, were known to be for or against the barge canal were excluded from the list. Twelve experts replied, and the result was eleven to one against the barge canal. Concerning the opinions the "Engineering News" says: "If, in the face of such testimony, the voters of New York decide to undertake the barge canal, well and good. The only point we wish to emphasize, and we can hardly express it too strongly, is that the engineering profession must not be held responsible for the success of the barge canal enterprise. If the barge canal is undertaken and it is found . . . that it is unable to compete with Canadian waterways . . . let it not be said that the work was undertaken without warning from the engineering profession."

If a canal is to exist across New York State, it must be a ship canal or nothing, for only a ship canal can compete with present and future Canadian waterways and can overcome the competition of Galveston and New Orleans. Such a canal would be of benefit to the whole country, but especially to New York State, for it would bring to the interior of that State many steel, iron, and other industries which a thousand-ton barge canal would never attract. The Empire State is enormously wealthy. If the Federal Government declines to undertake the construction of a ship canal across New York State, that State itself is abundantly able to spend two hundred million dollars in the endeavor. Indeed, New York State is far more able to build a ship canal than is Canada to build the proposed Georgian Bay-Montreal Ship Canal.

CONSTANT READER.

New York City.

Thank You

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Probably by reason of misleading press reports, two of your items under the head of "The Race Problem" in your issue of October 3 are stated in an inaccurate form. The reference to the pardon issued by the President to "the two white farmers" guilty of peonage may carry the impression, to the uninformed, that only two men were found guilty and that these have been pardoned. There are seven others who have not been pardoned; and the pardon in the case of the Cosbys was based upon considerations of humanity quite as imperative as those which determined their conviction.

Nor was the attack on Tuskegee in the Alabama Legislature merely defeated by a majority. The vote to which you refer was in reference to an appropriation to another institution. A bill was introduced, earlier in the session of the Legislature, calling for the withdrawal of one of the smaller appropriations to Tuskegee, but this bill was unanimously opposed by the Committee on Education and was never heard of again.

Press reports from Montgomery are also responsible for the impression that the Legislature of Alabama reconsidered its action in according to the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry a place in the National Statuary Hall at Washington. This also is an error. The joint resolution is now a law, and the statue will be erected.

I quite realize that for these inaccuracies The Outlook is not at fault; and it is to be regretted that the responsible press agencies of the country should not insist upon a more intelligent service from some of the points of interest in our Southern States.

AN ALABAMIAN.

As Others See Us

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A two-column editorial has recently appeared in the Allahabad "Pioneer," which is perhaps the leading Indian daily, on "The Negro Problem in America." It opens thus: "In more ways than one the people of the United States are beginning to feel the pressure of ultra-democratic institutions." It refers to the "annexation of distant territory in the Far East and elsewhere" as giving rise to "a strain on the old constitutional theory of republicanism; but," it continues, "the last development of discontentment with the simple doctrine that all men are born free and equal is the outcome of that colossal problem

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which the abolition of slavery only presented to the people of America in a new form, without contributing in any substantial degree to its solution." The "development" referred to seems to be the "peonage" system in Alabama, which the writer characterizes as slavery under another name, and explains as the "only solution so far devised in that State for the embarrassments ensuing on the abolition of slavery." The writer gives the following explanation of this lapse into slavery: "The state of things imposed upon the Southern States of America when the Civil War terminated in their discomfiture is in some respects a defiance of natural facts which continue to assert themselves with ever-increasing emphasis. The abolition of slavery was, of course, an inevitable consequence of advancing civilization; but the attempt to convert the whole slave population at one stroke into sovereign citizens, with votes having the same value as those of their late masters, was a *reductio ad absurdum* of the equality theory. . . . The African negro is *not* the equal of the white man, not even of the white man wicked enough to want to make a slave of him. If the triumphant Northerners at the end of the Civil War had contented themselves with such legislation as would have protected the negro from ill-treatment and secured him in possession of the fruits of his industry (in rare cases where he might exhibit that virtue), the present strain of feeling would probably never have arisen. . . . The way out of the difficulty" is found in the "manipulation of the ballot-boxes." These thoughts are by no means new, but it is interesting to find that the writer explains lynching as the "outcome of the corrupt system under which 'justice' is administered throughout the Great Republic," which corruption he evidently lays to the account of the democratic theory. The fact that lynching has been administered so generally in all sections of the country to white as well as black offenders is evidence that it is not a manifestation of race prejudice or sectional peculiarities, but of lack of confidence in the courts.

While these remarks are somewhat humiliating to our National pride, still it must be allowed that we can ill afford to resent even the harshest criticism, after the shameful way in which we have laid ourselves open to it by the crimes perpetrated and allowed within the past few years, especially within the past year. Though we may not in all respects admire the methods of the English, we may surely take helpful suggestions from the experience and record of a government which has ruled subject races for so many generations, with a history remarkably free from the violent crimes which have disgraced America's record since the time of our last great revolutionary experiment—the unlimited emancipation of the negro. It is sometimes well to see ourselves as others see us. From recent enactments in many of our States it seems that we are ourselves beginning to realize that emancipation should come after, not before, education.

PRESTON H. EDWARDS.
Allahabad Christian College, Department of Physical Science, Allahabad, India.

Bishop Clark

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will the editor of The Outlook kindly allow me to correct an impression in the otherwise most appreciative notice of the late Bishop of Rhode Island? In the first place, it was not a fainting-spell which overcame the Bishop at the consecration of Bishop Brooks, but merely a weakness in his limbs, which made long standing always difficult for him. And, in the next place, nobody is more able than I to testify to the fact that he never delegated the duties of his office to me or to anybody else. I was his assessor, as I had been the assessor of Bishop Williams, and the Bishop of Kentucky succeeded me in that relation. Much of the clerical detail devolved upon us, but the Bishop of Rhode Island never failed in the ability to judge and decide with perfect clearness of mind upon the various questions that come to be decided by the Presiding Bishop. The only feebleness in him was physical, and he retained his mental faculties to the very end.

WM. CROSWELL DOANE,
Bishop of Albany.
Albany, New York.

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